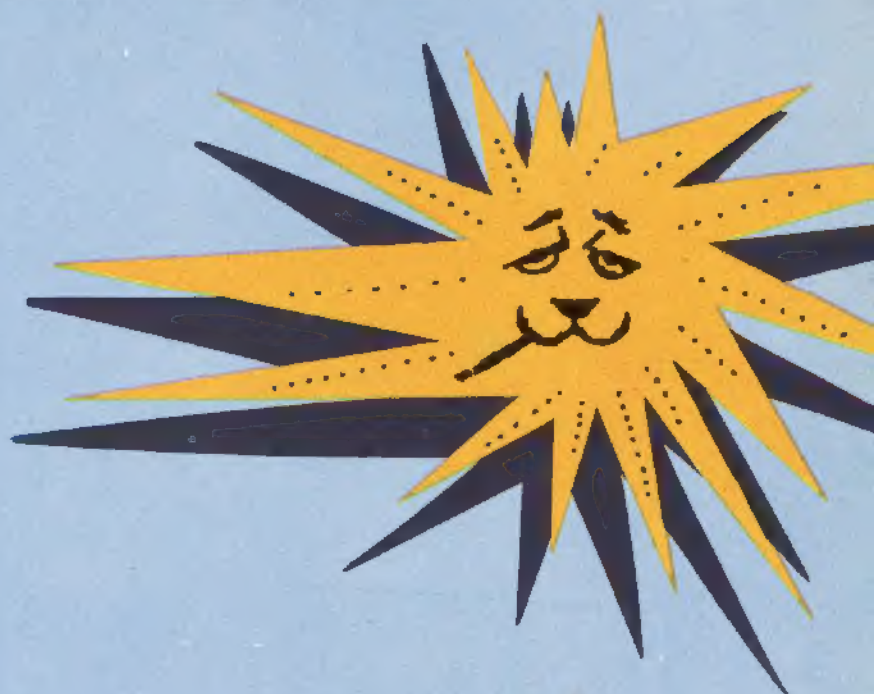


PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT
FOR MEN

AUGUST 50 cents



"THE FLYING MACHINE" by RAY BRADBURY

COLE



STINE



PARTCH

DRABER



DENISON



MILLER



DEDMAN

REA



PLAYBILL

CARTOONS make up a very important part of PLAYBOY's monthly bill of fare and that makes our cartoonists very important people. Since you seem to enjoy their work so much, we thought you might like to meet them.

Jack Cole, the guy responsible for the most lecherous old geezers and gorgeous females in all cartoon creation, was born in New Castle, Pa. This should permit some sort of hilarious hyuck concerning carrying Cole to New Castle, but we'll let it pass. Jack insists he had no formal art education, because he couldn't afford a tuxedo. He spent fourteen years in the comic book field drawing a strip called *Plastic Man*. He returned to his first love, gag-cartooning, a very few months ago and became, almost immediately, one of PLAYBOY'S very special favorites.

You'll be seeing a good deal more of Cole in forthcoming issues including, of course, his popular *Females* series.

Julien Dedman is a Yale man and his art and humor smack of eastern sophistication. Julien writes, too, and early PLAYBOY readers will remember his Mickey Spillane and Brooks Brothers satires. Julien has authored a book of cartoons on Yale called *Boola Boola!* and this fall plans to produce a syndicated comic strip—a high class, family style thing, suitable for women and small children.

Draber's full name is Inge Draber Bollman and her charcoal sketches suggest her background in fashion illustration. She studied at *Contempora*, *Kunst und Werk*, *Reimannschule*, and the Academy of Fine Arts, in Berlin, Germany. During the war she worked as a fashion designer and illustrator for stage and fashion houses in Berlin; after the war she taught art for the American Occupation Forces. In '49 she moved to Paris and in '51 came to the United States. Like a number of other regulars, her work rarely appears outside the pages of PLAYBOY.

Virgil Partch and Gardner Rea don't need any introductions—they were two of the country's top cartoonists long before the idea for PLAYBOY was ever conceived. Vip is permanently billeted on the west coast (Balboa Island, Calif.) and Rea on the east (Long Island, N. Y.), and from there they will continue to turn out drawings for the amusement of playboys everywhere.

Ben Denison and Al Stine are both Chicago illustrators turned cartoonists and they produce both cartoons and story illustrations for PLAYBOY. Al did the art for the Robert Ruark story in this issue, and Ben illustrated Ray Bradbury's "Fahrenheit 451."

Arv Miller and Dick Loehle are Chicagoans, too. Both are preparing monthly cartoon features to begin in PLAYBOY this fall. Arv's series concerns two shipwrecked sailors alone on an island with fifty gorgeous native girls—Dick's is set in the pagan, orgy-filled years of early Egypt and Rome. Both should suit the sophisticated tastes of PLAYBOY readers. Arv has authored a book of cartoons on television titled *TV or not TV*; Dick does the charming backgrounds for our Party Jokes pages.

Besides cartoons, this ninth issue of PLAYBOY includes fiction by Robert Ruark and Ray Bradbury, articles on jazz, sports, drink, and burlesque, another choice tale from the Decameron, jokes, games, and a pulse quickening, pin-up of Arline Hunter, our August Playmate of the Month.

LOEHLE



DISGRACEFUL MAGAZINE DEPT.

I have just read through your June issue and think it is the most disgraceful publication I have ever seen on the newsstands. At a time when public morality and the awareness of what is right are at the ebb at which they now exist, it seems almost criminal to print lurid pictures and suggestive articles for nationwide distribution such as you are now doing by means of PLAYBOY. Your magazine makes no pretense of the fact that you believe sex to be in the same common and vulgar category as other base enjoyments like gambling, drinking, and so forth. What impression do you think our children get when they pick up your publication and see such things as a woman clutching her breasts in ecstasy and read such articles as "One Man's Meat" or those seductive and obviously doctored-up stories from the Decameron? It would be bad enough if adults were the only ones who catered to the sin and filth in your magazine; any one who does is obviously too far gone in the ways of the devil to see or to know what he is doing. But why, I ask you, why should innocent children be subjected to this temptation? Would you want your child to grow up with the wrong idea about sex? Would you want his Bible to be Boccaccio and his idea of woman to be personified by a voluptuous nude in the most seductive of positions? No, you would not, and I don't want that to happen to my child either. Therefore, I ask you to take your magazine off the stands before it is too late. Young people twelve and sixteen years old, who constitute the vast majority of those who read PLAYBOY, have no business doing so.

I was surprised to see that no one has as yet told you of the harm you are doing to young America. All the letters you have received praise the "wonderful" job you are doing, and so forth. Therefore, I suggest you print this letter in its entirety so that all may see the situation as it really exists.

Yours for a cleaner American mind,
Armin J. Edwards
New Haven, Conn.

We've been waiting for your letter, Armin. We thought when we first began publishing PLAYBOY we'd be hearing from more than a few indignant citizens — moral indignation coming as easily as it does these days. But the June issue was our seventh, and your letter is the very first.

You're right, though — PLAYBOY really isn't suitable for small children. A second perusal may convince you it isn't just right for adolescent school girls or maiden aunts, either. You see, PLAYBOY is a magazine for men — and sophisticated, city-bred men, at that. The suggestion that every magazine must be suitable for everyone,

from baby in rompers to dear old grandma, is incredible, but it's a proposition put forth by a fairly sizable segment of our population. We believe the adult male has a right to a magazine of his own — not a magazine for the entire family, but especially styled to a man's interests and tastes.

As for sex, we think it's here to stay, and we think it belongs in a magazine for men. It is one thing almost all men seem to have a common interest in — and we're a little suspicious of those few who don't. We're not certain what you'd include under "and so forth," but we do believe sex should be enjoyed right along with nasty pleasures like drinking and gambling. We don't think sex is dirty and we don't think it's a sacred cow, either.

As for our own children, they aren't old enough for PLAYBOY yet, but when the boys grow into manhood, we hope they find the magazine amusing and entertaining enough to lift them out of the cares and troubles of their world for at least a few hours each month.

We'll second that motion for a cleaner American mind, Armin, and hope that it may become a broader, less hypocritical mind, too.

BEDSIDE PLAYBOY

Your June issue of PLAYBOY was about the best issue you have put out; it did wonders. Three weeks ago my father went to the hospital to have an operation and was not doing very well afterward. One night one of his friends took him a PLAYBOY and read the stories to him. Three days later he was feeling better and was able to leave, and I believe he was helped by the wonderful stories in PLAYBOY. Keep up the good work.

Council Bradshaw
Rocky Mount, N. C.

Enclosed is a check for \$6 for a one year subscription. I'm afraid to subscribe any longer as I'm in the hospital, am 72 years old, and ain't feelin' too hot, but I'll gamble six bucks. I have the current issue in my room for nurse bait. They all want to read it, but I dole it out 30 minutes a day to be read in my room—get me?

J. Arthur Clark
National Hospital
San Antonio, Texas

We get you, pop, and we bet you'll be around to renew your subscription a good many times, too.

DIGESTED PLAYBOY

We would like to purchase permission to reprint your article "One Man's Meat" from the June issue of PLAYBOY, with, of course, full credit to both author and magazine.

Ann Flournoy, Asst. Editor
Magazine Digest

PLAYBOY AT SEA

I have just discovered your new magazine PLAYBOY and think it is really fine. So fine, that I wanted to get my subscription in as soon as possible. I found the February issue at a newsstand in Bangkok, Thailand last week when my ship, the USS McCoy Reynolds, was spending a few days there.

Norman R. Waters
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

BACHELORS

I enjoyed your article "Open Season On Bachelors" very much. In fact, I never laughed so hard in all my life. A few questions, sir. If, as you say, man is like "the little bee . . . flitting from flower to flower, sipping the sweet nectars where he finds them, but never tarrying too long at any one blossom," how do you explain incidents like these (and please don't say they are the exception):

1.) A friend of mine received five (count 'em, five) proposals of marriage in the space of three years, all of

Dear Playboy



ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

which she turned down because she just wasn't interested in getting married. This latter point excludes the theory that she had "forced" the man into the proposals.

2.) Another friend got so annoyed by the constant (over a period of a year) little "attentions" and proposals showered on her by one young man that she finally had to resort to the desperate device of telling him she was in love with someone else before she could get rid of him. This, by the way, was not true.

I must conclude from these and other instances too numerous to mention here, that men are not afraid of marriage. To the contrary, they welcome it.

It is, rather, the weak-minded little idiot boys, not yet grown up, who are afraid of getting "hooked." These infants, so easily swayed by malicious stories and facetious articles such as yours, are the only ones who think marriage is a trap.

A mature individual, male or female, considers marriage the ultimate result of being a "little bee." After

all, there are only so many different types of "sweet nectars" in this world. After a while, this constant sampling dulls the taste and fogs the senses. All pleasure is then lost from overindulgence.

Socrates has a few words for you, dear PLAYBOY, which I quote here in a manner of closing:

"The happiest life consists in ignorance, before you learn to grieve and to rejoice."

Judith Trotsky
Urbana, Illinois

We have a feeling Socrates would be on our side, Judy. Wasn't he married to Xantippe, the most famous shrew of all time?

This fellow Burt Zollo must really get around. While reading his "Open Season On Bachelors," June issue, I received the impression that he was plagiarizing my unpublished memoirs. He's the first man to come out with a straight-from-the-shoulders expose of these cunning cuties and their suave schemes.

J. George Burbules
Champaign, Illinois

Say, George, are you the guy that's been pestering Judith's girl friend?

FATHER'S DAY

Enclosed find check for a one year subscription for my husband—a Father's Day gift the whole family will enjoy!

Mrs. Carl B. Prestin
Champaign, Illinois

CONFUSING CARTOONS DEPT.



Hey, what's the scoop on the cartoon on page 48 in the June issue? If I look at a cartoon long enough I can usually figure it out, but this one really takes the cake. Aside from this cartoon, your magazine certainly seems to know its way around. Keep up the good work, fellows. PLAYBOY is about the best book college has to offer.

Pete Bennett
Champaign, Illinois

Did you also look at page 49, where the cartoon ends, Pete? In this quaint

little cartoon fairy tale, the lovely maiden turns out to be a nasty dragon. Don't know — we thought it was kinda cute, but maybe the heat is melting our brains and lousing up our sense of humor.

BOUND PLAYBOYS

Enclosed please find a check for \$10 for a two year subscription to PLAYBOY. I would like an additional service if you can do it for me. I have the April, May, and June issues, but I have nothing prior to that. Is there any way I can get the back copies since you began publication? If this can be done, please send them to me and I will gladly pay whatever the charge may be. I hope to get and save every copy of your publication, and intend to bind them into book form every twelve issues.

Leonard Levin
Benton & Bowles Advertising
New York City, N. Y.

PLAYBOY AT COLLEGE

The guys here at Norwich University really go for PLAYBOY. The whole school seems to know when my issue arrives each month and all my buddies have usually read it cover to cover before I get a chance at it myself. Keep up the good work, you really have a great magazine.

Robert B. Tuck
Norwich University
Northfield, Vermont

Our favorite pastimes here at Pomona College are math, debating, and reading PLAYBOY. Everybody does, and it's really great; getting better all the time!

Doug Buckmaster	Bill Finn
Richard Meade	Skys Neville
Ronald Lau	Wilfred Fong
Edward Gilling	Helmkamp
Bill Shim	Mike Maruf
Mike Gropuhr	Lester Wong
Tim Hay	Lee Heffner
Doug Davidson	Dave Bond
John Marshall	Neil Wigley
Jonathan Peisoff	Pete Schulz
John Bradley	Doug Bagley

Pomona College
Claremont, Calif.

GRIPE BOX

Do you have a gripe box? If so, I would like to put one in right now. Last month I got luke warm over it, but now this month (June) I'm about to boil. If my June Playmate hadn't been so lovely it wouldn't have been so bad. Two months in a row you've printed the Decameron tale on the back of my Playmate. Now how am I going to frame my Playmate and still keep the Decameron story intact in the magazine? I don't discard the rest of the magazine after I clip the Play-

mate. I want to keep it for future pleasure. So please don't make this mistake three times in a row — pullllleeeeeece!

Haskell Morris
Bristol, Tennessee

Clip away, Haskell. This fall the Waldorf Publishing Company is producing a PLAYBOY ANNUAL including the Decameron tales and all the other best humor, fiction, articles, cartoons, jokes, and other favorite features from the first year of PLAYBOY in one handsome, hard-bound volume for your permanent library.

APPAREL & PUZZLES

In response to the dimbulb who wants, of all things, fashion articles — isn't that poor excuse for a man's magazine, *Esquire*, sufficient as a mail order catalog? As for the intellectual gnat's brain who would like crossword puzzles, about the most fitting demise I can suggest is that he be buried alive under the five million tons of pulp crossword puzzle magazines already in print. At the first sign of a crossword puzzle in PLAYBOY, I'll cancel the subscription I've been thinking of getting.

R. H. Russell
Buffalo, New York

THE CHEERING SECTION

Permit me to join the ranks of those previous letter writers who insist that PLAYBOY is just too good to be true. Without Mickey Spillane type fiction, antique guns and racing cars, hunting and fishing articles, and phony exposes, you apparently are editing the magazine for a select few men like myself who believe that s-e-x, when presented with wit and charm, is the most interesting subject in the world. Your honesty is unbelievably refreshing in an era when all publishers of magazines for men either play it real shrewd (several nudes, which are what actually sell the magazine, sandwiched between "I Went On A Wild Boar Hunt" and "The Stutz Bearcat — Years Ahead of its Time") or else hypocritically adopt a "public service" pitch while letting the readers wallow in obscenity ("I Joined a Girl Gang" — all illustrations posed by professional models).

Irving L. Jacobs
San Diego, California

Just finished reading your June issue of PLAYBOY and I think it is by far the most terrific magazine on the market. PLAYBOY is a magazine that has *everything* — both my wife and I enjoy it tremendously.

R. M. Stack
Great Falls, Mont.



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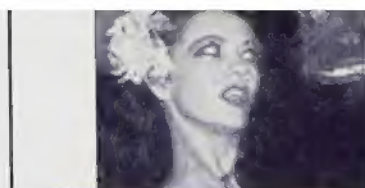
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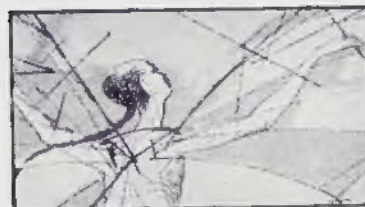
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Burlesque P. 40



Bradbury P. 19



Ruark P. 6

PLAYBOY

YOU undoubtedly remember Hollywood's sexsational early years and perhaps you've been struck, a time or two, by the contrast between them and the film capital's present-day morality. Maybe you've blamed all the censorship and prudery on Will Hays or the Legion of Decency, or just accepted the talk about the industry having "come of age." This is the little known story of the man actually responsible for both the sinful cinema of the twenties and the holy Hollywood that followed.

We shall call him Jeter ----- You would recognize his real name instantly. He is a tradition in Hollywood—as fabulous as the fabulous city itself.

Even Jeter's birth was colossal. He was one of a set of bastard quadruplets born during the San Francisco earthquake. Due to a natural deficiency, his mother was able to suckle only two of the four children. She had to hire a she-goat (there was a shortage of wet nurses at the time) to take care of Jeter and her other son. Several goats quit under fire. Both boys were lusty youths and over-demanding.

"Ah swear to John," Mammy, their colored servant said. "These is the onliest chillun ah ever saw that was fit to gag a goat."

Jeter early showed a tendency toward precociousness. When he was just under four years old he sauntered back into the kitchen one afternoon, and shortly thereafter the cook fled screaming without bothering to pack. This was the first abrupt resignation by a succession of cooks. Indeed, household help became a real problem for Jeter's family, and service charges at the employment bureau were just under the whisky bills in point of size.

"I declare," said Jeter's mother one afternoon, in desperation, "I just don't hardly see how we can ask *anybody* to come work for us any more. I can whip the other children, but there is just *nothing* to do about Jeter. I think that boy's got too many *glands*. Like his pa."

"His pa never had *that* many glands," the colored Mammy grumbled. "There just *ain't* that many glands. Dis de onliest chile ah ever knew got throwed out of kindergarten for goosin' his teacher. What you gonna *do* with a chile like that?"

"I don't know," his mother said, "but I've simply got to get away from it all. Maybe if we take a trip around the world this thing will straighten itself out while we're gone."

"You is the most careless mother ah ever knowed," Mammy complained as she started to pack. "Where we gonna leave the young'uns?"

"Groton," mother said, already thinking about the Nile under a full

by ROBERT C. RUARK

humor





THE STAR MAKER

He made Hollywood's greatest pictures, he made Hollywood's most glamorous stars, and he made most of Hollywood's starlets, waitresses, and messenger girls, too.

moon.

Jeter didn't take to Croton. For one thing, it was full of nothing but boys, and Jeter was uninterested in boys. He was a girl fancier all the way. He was expelled at the age of six for conducting a flagrant affair with the wife of the headmaster. They ran away together and were apprehended by police in a shoddy tourist court.

"I don't care what you say," the headmaster's wife told reporters, "Jeter is only a boy in years, but he's the kind of man *all* women dream about and *never* find. If it were all to do over I would do it again."

"Will you return to your husband?" the reporters asked.

"Him?" the headmaster's wife replied. "After Jeter!"

Jeter refused to talk to reporters. That is, he refused to talk until exposed to what was called, at the time, a sob sister. She was a girl in her middle twenties, blonde, and not unpleasantly constructed. She left Jeter's presence with an exclusive story which she never wrote. Also her eyes were filled with stars.

Jeter continued to be a problem child. He would not join the Boy Scouts. He joined the Girl Scouts. This caused talk in the community. It did not seem fitting that Jeter should attempt to create fire by rubbing two Girl Scouts together. That it pleased the girls, who giggled, was not a case in point. Their parents complained.

Jeter early experienced a series of misadventures that would have grayed the hair of a vastly older man. He came out of a flaming hayrick, minus his hair and eyebrows, when only a youth, because the town's leading banker suspected ill of Jeter's relationship with his (the banker's) wife, and snidely touched a torch to the haystack in which Jeter and the lady in question were studying Jeter's lessons.

"They say a burnt child dreads the fire," Jeter remarked to the press, which now accompanied him even on so simple an expedition as a trip to the zoo. "Why? I was raised with my brother Pete, who has been setting fire to everything he could touch since he was a baby. So I got no eyebrows? I got memories. I also got credit at the bank. Credit at the bank is a thing you cannot oversell. So maybe old man Foreclose suspects I was up to no good with his bride. I know the gal; I know the man. When I need credit, I'll get credit. She'll see to it. A certain amount of scorching comes out of any relationship with a woman. I knew that when I was five. But you can always use early experience to good advantage.

"Mom was a philosopher too,"

Jeter explained. "She had everything worked out in her head, and what she couldn't handle with her head, she could handle otherwise."

Jeter got into a series of scrapes after the incident of the banker's wife. There was the preacher's-wife episode, which created a horrid contretemps. There was the wife of the head of the local Building and Loan. There was the wife of the boss of the Red Cross, and the wife of the head of the Community Chest, and the wife of the high school principal, and the wife of the mayor. His involvement with the wife of the mayor was brought to a boil when the opposition political party made an issue out of it and got the mayor chucked out of office by pointing out simply that any official who could be cuckolded by a callow youth was unfit for office on the basis of naivete alone, and could not possibly be fattening his party's coffers by making the right deals with the underworld.

This was called, at that time, political logic: any mayor so stupid as to be honest was a bad man for the party, and had to go.

The dismissing of the mayor put Jeter in a fairly bad light. He had only to go to Nedick's for a double malted to arouse a heated controversy in the press. His life was made insupportable by reporters, who hounded him even to the barbershop for his first shave. Any woman so indiscreet as to pass the time of day with Jeter was a marked woman from that time on.

Jeter had a genius, of a sort. He thought clearly and was able to reduce the facts of life to a simple function. His colored mammy, who was interested in spiritualism and such, became fascinated with the new profession of psychiatry. And once she subjected Jeter to a free-association test.

"Set down, boy," Mammy said. "Ah wants to ask you some questions, and Ah wants you to gimme the answers just like they pops into yo' haid. Don't think, rosebud. Just talk."

"Okay, Mammy," Jeter replied. "Shoot me the jive."

"What kinda talk is dat?" Mammy asked suspiciously, adjusting the false spade beard she wore at all seances.

"I dunno," Jeter said. "Words just keep poppin' into my head. I make 'em up as I go along."

"Well, boy, don't make up no more," Mammy said. "Ah ain't long for this world and ah doesn't crave to learn no new languages. Now you pay attention to what ah say. When ah asks you a question, you tell me what you thinks when the word hits yo' haid. Heah we go:

"Declaration of Independence," Mammy said.

"Dames," said Jeter promptly.

"Games?"

"Dames," Jeter said.

"Algebra?"

"Women."

"President Wilson?"

"Girls."

"How 'bout money?" Mammy asked.

"Ladies," Jeter replied.

"Work?"

"Broads."

"What a broad is?" Mammy asked, again suspiciously.

"It's a word I just made up for females," Jeter said. "You know, Mammy. They're small up top and broad below."

"You hush yo' mouf, boy," Mammy said. "Ah too old to heah that fas' talk from a infant."

"Get on with the free association," Jeter said. "I got a date behind the barn."

"All right," Mammy said. "Education?"

"Dames," Jeter said.

"Abraham Lincoln?"

"Mary Todd," Jeter said.

"How come?"

"She was a dame," Jeter said simply.

"All right. Try George Washington."

"Martha."

"How so, boy?"

"Martha was a man?"

"How 'bout music?"

"Girls."

"Baseball?"

"Ladies' day."

"How y'all feel about books?"

"Decameron."

"Who he, boy?"

"It isn't a he, Mammy. The writer's name was Boccaccio. He wrote about women. And men."

"Ah know what they was doin'," Mammy said darkly. "Son, you got a mind ah wouldn't use for a cesspool. What does you think when ah says, 'Christmas?'"

"Women," Jeter said cheerfully.

"One more chance. Now ah says, 'trouble'."

"Girls," Jeter spoke up bravely, without a moment's hesitation.

Mammy paused.

"Baby boy," she said, "you is in for a mess. Far as ah know you ain't interested in nothing but females."

"That's more than we can say for Brother Pansy," Jeter remarked. "I wouldn't like to call him abnormal, but the word around is that he's trying to join the Boy Scouts."

"Hush, son," Mammy rebuked him. "We ain't come to the point in psychiatry where we can speak of *dat* side of the science."

Jeter fidgeted.

"Look, Mammy," he said. "I got a

(continued on page 16)

by JAMES H. LAVELY

New Orleans' Storyville produced more than 4,000 "career prostitutes" and a strange new music called "jass"



RED LIGHTS AND HOT MUSIC

BARRELHOUSE and whorehouse — the two were inseparable in Storyville. Formally established in 1897 and at its hell-raising peak in 1899, the thirty-eight block red-light district in New Orleans' French Quarter acquired world fame and a sort of vicious glamour as the only vice settlement in the United States created by specific law. Storyville was shut tight in 1917 by a wartime order from Navy Secretary Josephus Daniels. During its short life Storyville produced, by conservative estimate, more than 4,000 "career prostitutes"; it also produced an exciting new kind of musical expression called jazz.

At the turn of the century, "Tom Anderson's County" (as Storyville was sometimes called) was a roisterous and gay, wicked and alluring locality. It was the home of the sporting house — those three and four story pseudo-mansions that lined Basin, Franklin, Conti and Liberty Streets. It was also the home of a number of far less pretentious places of assignation, with their crimson gaslights flickering behind dirty, shuttered windows.

In the small, stuffy, disease-ridden honkytonks, a man could get anything he wanted for less than an hour's pay, and ran a good chance of picking up something he definitely didn't want, too. The more elaborate, ornately furnished show places featured uniformed maids and caterers, and a customer got to see the girls perform *The Naked Dance* before he laid down his folding money and went upstairs with the whore of his choice.

Every pianist had his own version of *The Naked Dance* — an obvious come-on similar to the age-old fertility dances of primitive societies — and designed to put a little starch into even the most jaded observer. The performances took place on a board about three feet square, or on a table, and usually the leg-lifting dancer wore silk stockings and nothing else. The musical accompaniment was extremely rapid and pianists often used these specialties in "88 contests" to try and cut each other. Prices in the run-of-the-mill brothels began at 25¢, but in the more fancy parlor houses

like the plush Star Mansion and the Studio, the going rate was \$5.

A stranger in Storyville had no trouble finding the best in jazz or the most talented of the prostitutes. Tom Anderson's saloon, The Annex, was a blaze of light at the corner of Basin and Customhouse, and all a customer had to do was stop in for a drink and then thumb through Tom's "padded edition" of the New Orleans Blue Book, the Baedeker of the sporting world. Off in the corner a piano player, or sometimes a five-piece band, helped set the mood.

A number of the better parlor houses and cabarets had their own jazz bands, though the word "jazz" hadn't been invented yet, and in less than two decades some 200 prominent jazzmen found employment there. To the jazz lover, of course, the area once known as Storyville will always be hallowed ground, for it was in the district's sporting houses and nighteries that jazz got its start. Actually, jazz wasn't born anywhere; like Topsy, it "just grewed." But a hell of a lot of the growing was done in Storyville. Musicians gravitated to the district because its prosperous entertainment haunts offered more work and higher wages than they could find elsewhere.

Bunk Johnson, a renowned trumpet player of the early days whose illustrious blowing has been preserved for us on a few old waxings, says that the first real jazz was played at dances, weddings and other festive Storyville occasions by Buddy Bolden's band of the late 1880s. Whether or not this is accurate, Bolden was, without doubt, one of the fathers of jazz and is generally rated among the three or four greatest cornetists of all time. He was a leader in the development of "the raggedy music" until late in 1906, when he "flipped out," as a bopster of today would say, and was confined to an asylum. Like most early jazzmen, Bolden played entirely by ear, but he could improvise like a madman (no pun intended). In his original band, only Billie Cornish, the valve trombone ace, could read music. Billie would learn a new piece and teach it to the others.

Bolden took it from there and rode it to the stars.

The excitement of this new music reached every level of Storyville society. Another well-known, if unusual, group was the Spasm White Band, made up of eight youngsters and led by Harry Gregson. The group featured a hot harmonica player named Willie Bussey. He carried the melody while the rest of the boys, coaxing music from such instruments as a homemade cigar-box fiddle and cowbell, decorated his central theme with wild, extemporaneous flourishes. The Spasm band was active in Storyville for a dozen years, playing on street corners and in the whorehouses, and passing the hat after each performance. The sounds produced by the group may not have amounted to much in the way of music, but they were exciting and rhythmic, and the antics of the boys were certainly engaging. They became so popular that, in 1906, they played a couple of engagements at the New Orleans Grand Opera House, billed as Harry Gregson's Razy Dazy Spasm Band.

The blues were born in the tonks on Rampart Street, moaned out by singers and instrumentalists alike. Both employed improvisations on the "bottom blues," a peculiar brand of rhythm transplanted from the bottomlands of the Red River Valley. On Franklin Street, where the top-notch cabarets and pleasure palaces were clustered, the four-and five-piece outfits played (piano and saxophone were almost always excluded from these early jazz bands). Sidney Bechet tooted at Billy Phillips' Ranch and King Keppard did his stuff across the way at the Tuxedo. Unlike the cabarets, the sporting houses only used bands for special occasions, but the old Mahogany Hall seemed to have a great many of these, and it was here that most of the great men of early jazz performed. Kid Ross, the nimble-fingered pianist, Richard M. Jones and Spencer Williams all did stints at the Hall. It was Williams who later authored the immortal *Basin Street Blues* and *Mahogany Hall Stomp*.

At Aunt Lucy's Place, the prostitutes often gave impromptu parties to pass the time on otherwise slow afternoons. Spectators at these supposedly private affairs included not merely jazzmen, but the pimps, gamblers, and other sundry hangers-on who frequented the sector. The girls often did specialty dances like the *Ham-kick*, that ended with the performer holding one leg high in the air. Thus exhibited, the men in the audience began bidding — the highest bidder winning the suspended "ham." It was at Aunt Lucy's parties that the piano players, in an effort to outstrip their competition, would trot out their best numbers — a fast tempoed bounce that

was the forerunner of boogie woogie.

Over on the other side of Canal Street, the southern boundary of Storyville, were the low-class cribs and tonks of the South Rampart Street neighborhood. Here were located the Red Onion and the Keystone — a brace of small, but well known sawdust-floored vice emporiums — and, not far away, on Perdido Street, the famous Eagle Saloon. In back of this place was Masonic Hall, renowned in jazz history because Buddy Bolden played there frequently. Now the site is a waste-littered vacant lot, but in the old days one could find a teen-aged Louis Armstrong there, attempting to essay the blues on Bunk Johnson's cornet.

Practically every jazzman in New Orleans played in Masonic Hall at one time or another. Good men moved from one outfit to another and, on occasion, a musician would play with one band at the Hall in the afternoon, then return with a different organization in the evening. A dramatic demonstration of the interrelationships between bands was made in 1940 when a pick-up band got together in the French Quarter to recreate the old style jazz. In this group the youngest member was over 40, the oldest well past 70. Almost all of them had played in the same bands at least once, and the oldest, Albert Gleny, was an accomplished jazzman even before Bolden achieved his great fame in the 1890s.

Most historians agree that jazz wasn't played with any regularity in Storyville — or anywhere else, for that matter — until 1910, when the 101 Ranch, a cabaret and ultra high-class cat house at Iberville and Franklin Streets, engaged a six-piece group to provide nightly music for its customers. The etymology of the word *jazz* has never been satisfactorily explained. It was formerly spelled "jass" and many claim it stems from an old Creole word meaning "hurry" or "speed up." It has also been suggested that the word was originally a synonym for another four-letter verb, denoting sexual activity. In any case, it appears to have been first employed as a musical description at the 101 Ranch where the Razy Dazy Spasm Band played for a long spell. However, this wasn't the original band of that name, and when Harry Gregson complained of infringement, the name was changed to the Razy Dazy Jazy Band, more for purposes of rhyme than anything else.

The word didn't really catch the public fancy until 1915, when Tom Brown's Band from Dixieland was booked into Lamb's Cafe in Chicago. Tom's music was immensely popular and the eatery really rocked to the raucous music from New Orleans. Rival club owners, jealous of the booming business at the competitive cafe,

derisively termed Tom's rhythms "jass music," connoting vulgarity. Tom decided to capitalize on this and promptly changed his billing to Brown's Dixieland Jass Band, Direct from New Orleans. The following year the group was reorganized as the original Dixieland Jass Band, and began working in Reisenweber's Restaurant in New York. D. J. LaRocca, cornetist with the group, called the band's music "a revolution in 4-4 time," and frequently spoke of it as "jazzy music." Soon the spelling "jazz" became generally accepted.

It was the Original Dixieland Band, incidentally, that brought jazz into homes all over America. They proved so popular in New York that they were signed to a recording contract by Aeolian-Vocalion and their first waxings sold over a million copies.

While the Original Dixieland Jazz Band was at the height of its popularity, spreading the gospel of Dixieland around the world, Storyville was in its death throes. Secretary Daniels, a bitter enemy of all kinds of "sin," issued an order forbidding prostitution within five miles of any naval installation. The New Orleans City Council, forced to comply with the regulation, abolished Storyville at midnight on November 12, 1917.

Thus ended the last and most successful of the several attempts made to regulate vice in New Orleans. During the city's early years, the brothels and free-lance harlots were mostly confined to a few recognized vice areas along the waterfront, where they catered to the lusty appetites of the steamboatmen. But during the 1840s vice began to spread into the business and residential districts in the new American Quarter above Canal Street. Little or no effort was made to halt this movement; the few laws that were on the books were seldom enforced. About all the police did was haul the madames and girls into court every few months under the vagrancy statutes. They were lightly fined and quickly discharged.

On March 10, 1857, the New Orleans Board of Aldermen passed an extraordinary law which, for the first and only time in an American city, licensed prostitution. Under this law, a girl could practice in any building in the city, above the first floor, provided she first got a license from the mayor's office. The license fee was \$250 per year for a madame, and \$100 for a prostitute. The ordinance became effective on April 1, 1857, and within the next sixty days seventeen women paid the fees and received handsome, engraved licenses signed by Mayor Charles Waterman, and decorated, appropriately enough, with little cupids. But the seventeenth applicant, shapely Emma Pickett, who operated

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FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT INTENDS TO BE THE GREATEST ARCHITECT OF ALL TIME

by RAY RUSSELL

"I HAVE no use for the common man," says Frank Lloyd Wright, "except as material to become uncommon."

Wright himself is an outstanding example of the Uncommon Man. He has produced 640 buildings and assorted storms of controversy on his way to becoming the most powerful influence in modern architecture in the past half century. He has made many enemies, but has outlived most of them. With his broad-brimmed hat perched atop flowing white hair, this eighty-five year old rebel zooms about the country in his Jaguar, enjoying his own post-

personality



humorous fame.

He was born in Richland Center, Wisconsin, on June 8, 1869. Before his birth, his mother felt certain the child would be male and that he would be a builder. A strong believer in prenatal influences, she clipped woodcuts of old English cathedrals from magazines and hung them in the room that became his nursery.

The boy was brought up on graham bread, porridge and religion. Nights he would lie awake listening to his minister father playing Bach on the piano. In his mind, the music took on structure: he seemed to see the majestic harmonies rising into towering forms like the woodcuts on his wall.

He built almost from the beginning — with wooden blocks, with sand and stones, with clay, with everything he could get his hands on. He was a rebellious boy — unconventional from the first. He found getting along with other children difficult. He fought them — they kicked down his strange towers of clay and stone — and he built them again.

Work on his uncle's farm hardened his hands and firmed his muscles, but didn't satisfy the creative fires that burned inside him. Troubled, unsure of what he wanted, he ran away from the farm, was brought back, and ran away again.

Wright took his unformed talents to the University of Wisconsin, where he found the answers to a few of his questions, but only a few. While his instructors spoke of ornamentation and classic examples, Wright insisted that the textures of building materials were of the utmost importance and that a structure should harmonize with its surroundings, should "grow easily from its site." His teachers found him brilliant, stubborn, moody, skeptical: an impossible student. He would ask embarrassing questions like "What is architecture?" and when the answers

around him, Wright was then beginning to create the radical, exciting architecture that would revolutionize the building of a generation. But no one could then see, or understand, and so he growled his farewells, and opened a small office of his own.

He began by building homes. Strange homes that looked stark and barren to a people accustomed to the fussiness of Victorian designers. One by one these simple structures appeared — first in the Chicago suburbs, then in other places.

Wright's love life was as turbulent as his career, and for a time, it seemed, almost as productive. His first wife gave him six children, but refused to give him what he really wanted by that time — his freedom. He took it anyway, moving back to Wisconsin, where he built a combination home-and-workshop which he named after the Welsh poet, Taliesin.

Wright couldn't work long without a woman near him and so a lovely lady joined him at Taliesin. It was her last home. One night while the architect was in Chicago on business, a servant went mad and set fire to the building — destroying it and seven people, including the lady. Burying his grief in work, Wright rebuilt Taliesin from its ashes.

A few months after the tragedy, he received a letter from a stranger expressing sympathy and understanding. He imagined the writer to be a gray haired, rather elderly woman, and he wrote back, inviting her to visit his Chicago office. She accepted the invitation, adding that she would prefer to meet him after office hours. When they met, Wright discovered that she was red-headed, young and beautiful. As they stood facing one another for the first time, Wright searching for proper words, the beauty asked, "How do you like me?"

Wright liked her very much. They became inseparable, though his first wife refused to divorce him until some time later.

At about this time, one of Wright's Chicago projects was the construction of the famous Midway Gardens, which became a very popular drinking place in those pre-Prohibition days. As he liked to tell it later, when Legislated Thirst took over the land, it cost so much to tear down the solid structure that three contractors went broke in the process.

A man from the orient visited Taliesin II not too long after that. Might the esteemed Mr. Wright be persuaded to design a hotel to be erected in Tokyo? The idea intrigued Wright and he accepted. He and his red-head (they were now married) took the next boat to Japan. Wright was fascinated by the country. He called it the "land of mist, moon, snow, flower — and

woman."

Accustomed, by this time, to defying his fellow men, Wright now was determined to defy Nature herself. Since the dawn of time, Japan had been periodically shaken by devastating earthquakes. When the next one came, Wright decided, it would not shake his hotel.

What form of structure would prevail against an unstable earth, Wright pondered. The answer was simplicity itself: *an unstable structure*. In a fever of exaltation, Wright went to work. What he created was a loosely jointed thing, built on the principle of the floating cantilever. Other architects were appalled: they declared it a violation of sound construction. Wright ignored them. He was certain that while solid buildings would crack and crumble when the earth writhed under them, The Imperial Hotel would only bend, sway, keep its balance like a champ prizefighter, and then, when the tremor was over, straighten up and stand erect among the ruins.

In 1923, Wright's theory was put to the test — Tokyo was shaken by one of the worst earthquakes in its history. Wright, in the United States, anxiously read the cablegrams from the disaster-stricken city. Every large structure had been levelled, they said. The Imperial Palace was a mass of rubble. The Imperial Theatre a ruin. Building by building, the list went on. And finally:

The Imperial Hotel. Destroyed.

Stunned by shock and disbelief, Wright stumbled home, pulled out his drawings, pored over them trying to see what could have possibly gone wrong. In the early hours of the morning, another message came through from Tokyo:

From the previous list of devastated buildings, one was to be deleted. Of them all, The Imperial Hotel alone was still standing. Please pardon the error . . .

Married life with wife number two was alternately blissful and stormy. During one of the stormiest periods, she left him. A year after that, Taliesin II suffered the fate of its predecessor — it, too, was destroyed by fire. But Wright was used to catastrophe by then. He had been rebuilding his demolished works since the days when his playmates smashed his childhood castles.

Taliesin III arose from the site of Taliesin II. And the place of his red haired wife was soon filled by someone the newspapers called "a Montenegrin dancer."

But wife number two wouldn't leave them in peace. Wright and his dancer were plagued by sheriffs, lawyers, and judges, and the architect knew some anxious hours behind prison bars. Finally, he was legally severed from the

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didn't satisfy him, he would supply his own: "Architecture is space to be lived in."

After graduation, Wright shared space with a number of Chicago architectural firms — supposedly working for them — but actually, always working alone. In conflict with everyone





Ribald CLASSICS

A new translation of one of the choicest stories
from Boccaccio's Decameron.

Illustrated by LEON BELLIN

THE WRONG BED

A poor man called Giulio once made his living by providing food and drink for travellers in the Mugnone Valley. His family consisted of a cat, a handsome wife, a small baby and a ravishingly beautiful daughter named Niccolosa.

Pinuccio, a hot-blooded buck from nearby Florence, often saw Niccolosa as he passed the house, and yearned to possess her. So great was his ardour that the girl could sense it, and she let him know that a meeting between them would not displease her.

Pinuccio therefore enlisted the aid of his good friend Adriano, and together they evolved a plan. They hired two horses and made their way to the Mugnone Valley just as night was falling. When they arrived at Giulio's house, they knocked on the door and asked for shelter.

"Gentlemen," said Giulio, "my house is small and I do not usually accommodate sleeping guests. But since night has overtaken you, I will put you up as best as I can."

The house was indeed small. It had



but one bedroom, in which they made up three beds: one for Giulio and his wife, one for the two travellers and one for the lovely Niccolosa. The small baby slept in a cradle at the foot of Giulio's bed. Since it was already late, the family and their guests lost no time in retiring.

When everyone seemed to be asleep, Pinuccio arose and crept to Niccolosa's bed. Somewhat frightened but nevertheless eager, the girl received him and they soon climbed to the peak of pleasure.

While they were thus refreshing themselves, the cat knocked over a vase and woke Giulio's wife. She got up and went to the place where she had heard the noise.

Meanwhile, Pinuccio's friend Adriano had also roused himself to answer a natural call. Finding the cradle blocking his path, he moved it from the foot of Giulio's bed to the foot of his own bed and went about his business. He did not trouble to replace the cradle when he returned.

The wife, having swept up the broken vase and scolded the cat, began to feel her way back to bed in the

dark. Touching the cradle, she naturally assumed it was at her bed and promptly climbed in beside Adriano, thinking he was her husband. Adriano did not undeceive her. Instead, he took her in his arms and pleased both himself and her.

Pinuccio then left the lovely Niccolosa's bed because he feared he might fall asleep there and be discovered in the morning. He, too, was led astray by the misplaced cradle and instead of getting into bed with his friend Adriano, climbed in beside Giulio, his host.

All might have been well had not Pinuccio seen fit to boast of his prowess. "Three times!" he whispered in his bed-partner's ear. "Ah, believe me, Niccolosa is the most luscious of creatures!"

"Wretch!" cried Giulio. "Is this how you repay me for my kindness?"

Giulio's wife, hearing the commotion in the other bed, said to her companion, "Oh, husband, listen to our guests quarreling!"

Adriano foolishly answered her: "They've had too much to drink."

Hearing his voice, the lady realized

the situation and immediately arose without a word. Moving the cradle to Niccolosa's bed, she climbed in beside the girl and pretended to be awakened by Giulio's clamor. "What is amiss?" she asked.

"Amisss!" shouted her husband. "Everything! This rogue has lain with Niccolosa!"

"Nonsense," his wife replied. "I have been with her all night and surely would have known if Pinuccio had entered this bed. But what is he doing in your bed, Giulio?"

Adriano, seeing the clever way she was hiding her shame and that of her daughter, said, "Sleepwalking again, eh, Pinuccio? And dreaming of amorous feats as usual! Come back to bed."

This ruse satisfied Giulio, who laughed as Pinuccio was escorted back to his rightful bed.

The next morning, two satisfied travellers rode out of the valley, leaving behind them a happy young girl and her even happier mother.



STAR MAKER (continued from page 8)

date down . . ."

"Ah knows wheahat you got a date, son," she said. "You just set here for a short spell whilst ah cast yo' horoscope, and then you is free to go down behind de barn."

"Horoscope?"

"Sho, boy, sho," Mammy said. "In dis racket we uses everything, including the stars. Wair'll ah puts on mah pointed hat and ah'll be with you in a second."

Mammy hustled around her room, in which dark wood, muted lights, a large couch, and a few small oak trees hung with Spanish moss presented the mood for decor. In a second Jeter spoke again.

"Ain't you going to cut no goat's throat, Mammy?" he asked. "Ain't you gonna burn no toads and owl feathers? Ain't you gonna make no puree of rattlesnake?"

"That's old stuff, son," Mammy replied. "We don't need them old props no more in the witchcraft business. We has done replaced newt's tongues with Kraft Ebing."

"Who's Kraft Ebing?" Jeter asked.

"A fella like you, boy," Mammy replied, fumbling through a book of sorcery labeled simply *World Almanac* to fool the detectives.

"Howcome like me?"

"His interests was basic," Mammy mumbled.

Mammy went back into a small alcove in the rear. When she came out she had exchanged the spade beard for a shocked expression.

"Where you been, Mammy?" Jeter asked.

"Ah been 'way back," she replied. "Ah been 'way back, as far as ah could go."

"What did you see, Mammy?" Jeter asked.

"Ah doesn't even like to talk about it, son," she replied. "The future scares me."

"You got to tell me, Mammy," Jeter implored. "I got to know. Tell me, I'm a big boy now. Where does the future point, Mammy? Where do I go? What do I do?"

"Hollywood," Mammy moaned. "Hollywood."

"Hollywood? Hollywood?" Jeter murmured wonderingly. "What's Hollywood?"

"Hollywood is a place," Mammy replied in a hushed voice. "Hollywood out on de Coast where you was birthed. It ain't much yet, but it gonna be. People will be makin' jokes about it, and the whole country gonna think like Hollywood thinks. All ah kin see in mah seance is a jumble-up mess fulla ponies and yachts and double-crosses and budgets. And banks. Always ah sees banks."

"Banks I can handle," Jeter said.

"I knew a banker's wife . . ."

"Ah knows that," Mammy snapped. "Which is why yo' eyebrows still ain't grown back good."

"How does Hollywood affect me?" Jeter asked.

"Son, you is a cinch for Hollywood," Mammy said. "Hollywood is in yo' future. With yo' talents you can't avoid it. Son, you was created extra special, super-colossal, epicwise, for Hollywood. You and Hollywood comes together like the moth and the flame."

"How do I get to this . . . this Hollywood?" Jeter asked.

"Just keep actin' like you been actin' lately, and nature takes its co'se," Mammy replied. "Some people call it osmosis."

. . .

Jeter progressed to Hollywood in easy stages. There was a lady in Pittsburgh. A lady in Detroit. A lady in Denver. A lady in Salt Lake City. A lady in Natchez, a lady in Mobile. A lady in New Orleans, a lady in Houston. A lady in San Antonio. A lady in San Francisco. A lady in Burbank.

That was quite a lady. Jeter was one of the few people ever to have been ridden into Hollywood on a rail.

Hollywood wasn't much when Jeter first encountered it. A few were fumbling in a new medium. The camera was an ogre. What they took pictures of fluttered and blinked and ran too fast on the screen. No self-respecting writer would take time off to give his talents to a bastard medium. The custard pie was king. The word "queen" had not at that time come to free use.

Playing a character part in the life of the town, the first thing Jeter did was meet the wife of a producer. A producer at that time was computed somewhere between a pimp and a process server. He was a man who had nothing to sell and nothing to sell it with. This particular producer was named Schnook, a term by which all producers later came to be known. He was handy when they dumped Jeter off the rail. This producer picked the feathers slowly from the tar that covered Jeter's body and eventually asked him up for dinner.

It was a dinner such as Jeter had never seen. Everybody sat on the floor. Nobody ate anything at all. There was plenty to eat, such as ham, turkey, creamed chicken, pickles, preserves, Caesar salad, salmon in aspic, and the curried hearts of old mistresses, but nobody ate them.

"Darling," everybody said. "I'm on the most beastly diet."

"Sweetie," everybody said. "The food's divine. Why don't you try

some? I'm sure another pound couldn't hurt you."

"Lovie," everybody said. "Have you tried the simply sensational hot biscuits dipped in pigeon's blood? I daren't touch them because of my new contract. You mean you haven't heard?"

"Lolly says," one lady said.

"Darin Lolly," another lady said.

"Upstart," another lady said.

"Who?" another lady asked.

"Goldwyn," another lady said.

"I got news for you, girl," a lady said to a man.

"Who needs it?" the man said to the lady.

"It's only money, baby," a man said.

"Valentino's through," a man said.

"How can he be through? He isn't even started," a woman replied.

"I got a hunch," the man said.

"Women won't like him."

"Defeatist," something said.

"What we need out here is talent," somebody else said. "Pass the whisky."

"Are you out of your mind?" somebody else answered. "You want to make become decadent the custard pie? What of the pie workers?"

"Lousy wobbly," somebody said.

"Lolly says," somebody said.

"God damn Lolly," somebody said.

"What about Birth?" somebody said.

"Birth of what?" somebody queried.

"Nation."

"Lil Gish?"

"Hank Walthal?"

" . . . But Lolly says . . ." somebody says.

"They had too much budget I happen to know that."

"Think about it this way. It isn't your money. It's the bank's money."

"I was talking to Doug and Doug said . . ."

"Doug who?"

"Don't be a bitch, darling. How many Dougs are there?"

"I'm hungry," Jeter said. "How do you get something to eat around here?"

"You have to go to a restaurant," a fat man said. "Food at these parties is only for the help. The guests talk. I'm hungry myself. What say we whistle up a Stanley steamer and go feed the inner man? What's your name?"

"Jeter," Jeter said. "Jeter ———. What's yours?"

"Arbuckle," the fat man replied. "What brings you to the Coast?"

"I had trouble with women," Jeter said.

"You come to the right spot for it," Mr. Arbuckle replied.

"Ask me. I know. And from now on call me Roscoe. I do not like being called Fatty, because I am a lover

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HERE is a complete, handy, 100 percent unauthorized guide to hot weather sports.

Our guide is primarily concerned with recreational or play-it-yourself-type sports. The International Boxing Club, the major league baseball owners, the National Collegiate Athletic Association, and other sports promoters have been so spectacularly successful in driving the public away from their events that recreation has become a billion dollar industry. No one can deny the tremendous influence that sports have on the American scene. The talent of sports promoters for keeping the public at home, for example, must share credit with mediocre movies and long television commercials for the dazzling birth rate in this country. But we digress.

Here, then, is a list of tried-and-true, hot weather pastimes, with hints on how to keep cool, save money, conserve energy, improve your mind, strengthen your biceps, and in 99 cases out of 100, if our advice is followed to the letter, broaden your beam.

Golfing: When the urge comes upon you to play golf, you can do any of several things. One — you can play golf. This is the hard way out. You risk sunstroke, you kill most of a day, your wife and/or girl friend gets mad at you for leaving her at home and you get mad at yourself for the score.

If it's the exercise you crave, why not jog around the block, then ride out to the driving range and shoot a bucket of balls. Time — half-an-hour; money — six bits. If it's the 19th hole that appeals to you, why not try the corner bar: competition — the pinball machine. The alert, aggressive sportsman can find many splendid ways of getting around playing golf.

Ping pong: This is no joke — ping pong is a very strenuous sport. Its great advantage is that you can usually set it up in your basement, the basement is cool in summer, and unless you're an awful chump, it's one sport you can beat your girl friend at.

Softball: This sport is generally thought of as primarily for youngsters, but it is ideal for old gaffers in their thirties and forties who are trying to maintain the illusion they aren't as old as their big pots say they are. Blubber isn't much of a handicap in soft

sports

ball, and if you can avoid heart attacks, jammed fingers, and breaking your leg sliding home, here is the sport for the young old man.

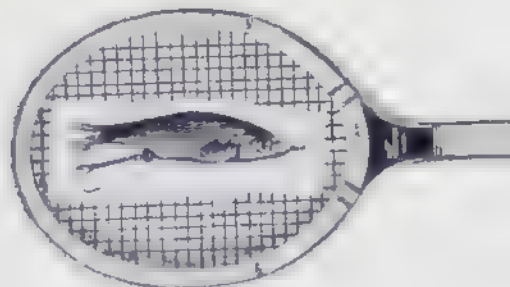
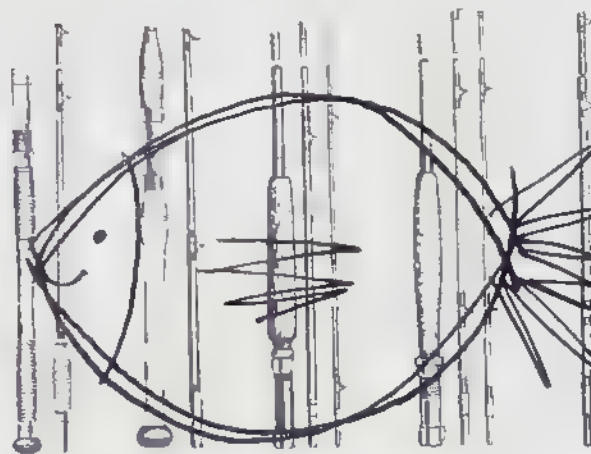
Croquet: Passé.

Swimming: The King of Summer Sports! Cooling! Relaxing! Healthful! Everyone lives within hiking distance of some kind of ol' swimmin' hole.

If you live near a river, what is more invigorating than diving into the good old stream, picking your way through beer cans, orange peels, garbage and assorted rubber goods dispatched your way by the sports in the town upstream? Or if you're on one of the mighty Great Lakes, diving into that brisk, stimulating 30 degree water? Or if you're lucky enough to have access to a pool, joining 2,000 juvenile delinquents as they scratch, push, scream, and splash through the foot solution and out into the chlorine? Of course, maybe you've got one of those nice houses with a sandy beach on a crystal clear lake, or a nice private pool in the back. If you've got one of those nice houses, we still have several weekends open on our summer social calendar.

Fishing: People who fish have a very difficult time figuring out why people who don't fish don't fish. They don't waste much time worrying about

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by JAY ARNOLD

SUMMER TIME SPORTS

Playboy's lazy sports editor contemplates warm weather recreation

at heart."

"Who ain't?" Jeter said. "What does it take out here for a man to get along?"

"Talent," Mr. Arbuckle replied. "Nothing but talent."

"Talent?"

"Yeah," Mr. Arbuckle replied, stepping into the Stanley steamer. "You got to have more than acting ability or the right phone numbers. You got to envision a great big vision for moving pictures, where the moving pictures will be the great cultural influence on the land, and millions of people will base their whole lives on what they see on the silver screen."

"Silver screen?"

"I speak figuratively," Mr. Arbuckle said, absent-mindedly shifting a starlet and grinding his gears. "How do these broads get in here, anyhow?"

"Broad is a word I made up," Jeter said defensively.

"Well, it's a good word," Mr. Arbuckle said, reverting to the gears. "Sell me a half interest in it and I will grab the check."

"Done," Jeter said.

"Done what?" Mr. Arbuckle asked.

"Okay," Jeter said. "Means all right. Means O. K. That's one I coined yesterday, and don't try to muscle into it."

"Okay," Mr. Arbuckle said, coming to a halt. "Let us eat and talk."

"How about the broad?" Jeter asked him. Arbuckle shrugged.

"Where were you raised, lad?" he asked. "When you have been in this town another day you will know that dames always are served with the liqueurs. Just because we are in a new industry does not mean we do not know how to live. What are you gonna eat?"

"Hamburg," Jeter said.

"Make it a dead heat," Mr. Arbuckle said to the waitress in the diner. "And what are you doing later, honey?"

"Not casting for no lousy pitcher, you bet," the waitress said. "I got pride."

"They say a burnt child dreads the fire," Jeter remarked philosophically to his friend after they had finished the salad. "I'm sort of tired, and I wonder if there isn't a picture in the idea. Call it *Twice Burnt*."

"You got this girl with the big knockers, see," Jeter said, warming to his subject, "and she lives in a little town in England, in the eighteenth century."

"Eighteenth century?" Arbuckle asked.

"Who cares?" Jeter said. "Eighteenth, twenty-eighth, any old tired century, so long as it's got low necklines and no libel. So, like I say, this

broad with the big knockers, she gets carried away at a picnic by a visiting city slicker out slumming . . ."

"Picnic? City slicker?" Arbuckle was confused, but for Jeter all this was as easy and natural as, well, let's say *breathing*. There was no denying that some strange Fate had brought Jeter and Hollywood together.

"So it's a church social," Jeter said, "so the slicker is a king incognito. Who cares? Maybe he's Robin Hood. Quit asking questions. You're lousing up my story line."

"Story line?"

"Will you for crissake mash the trap? A story line is the basic action for what has got to be a big industry. The trouble with you, Roscoe, is you worry too much about girls. So this girl with the big knockers, she gives her all to this out-of-town schmoie, and after a decent interval she finds out that she is just a little bit pregnant . . ."

"You can't be a little bit pregnant,"

Mr. Arbuckle said. "I wrote the book on this one."

"Okay, so she's expecting, and she's got no papa for the baby," Jeter continued. "Damn it, you're lousing up my train of thought. So she goes to London to look for this dude and one day she is watching a parade. The king is riding at the head of the parade and she takes a good look at him and, by God, the king himself is the guy done her wrong at the church social."

"It suggests a great title," Arbuckle drawled. "*The King Can Do No Wrong*."

"Stinks," Jeter replied. "I had in mind something like *I Married A Serving Wench* by King Louis the Whatever, the original story to be syndicated before we make the movie. Shaddup. Listen: the girl goes to the palace and gets herself a job as a charlady and one day she sneaks in into the king when he's shaving and declares herself as the little maid he made in the country, and throws herself on his mercy."

"Mercy?"

"Mercy, schmercy. Bed, I suppose, but we got to do a long angle shot of a sunset to sell it. So she becomes the king's mistress."

"Why?" Arbuckle asked. "After all, she's only a little strumpet from the suburbs . . ."

"Look, stupid. We admit she's a good roll in the hay. This is a democracy. We got to sell the idea to the kids in Kansas City that any girl is basically good enough to knock off a king. Look at it this way: here is just a nice sweet dumb kid from Kansas City. She comes to the big city with a letter to me. What happens? I give

her a boff and send her around to you. You get tired of her and ship her off to somebody else. She runs the whole list and when nobody wants her any more she gets a job hustling orders in a drive-in. That's the moral. She should of stood in Kansas City. She's out on her ass in the snow, and that is what we have to sell to the American public. You don't get nowhere with round heels."

"Why have you got to have a moral?" Arbuckle asked. "I mean, I'm only a big fat comedian, and . . ."

"Oh, God, amateurs," Jeter sighed. "I am only a fast seventeen years old and already I seem to know all the answers. Look, butterball. The moving picture industry is awful young, but it is not all Mack Sennett and Harold Lloyd and Cecil B. De Mille. There comes a time when *Birth of a Nation* will not be regarded as chic. Sex is here to stay. Now there is a thing I already learned about sex. Sex is not supposed to be fun. You got to pay the fiddler. You can get away with anything if you hang a moral on it. You can shoot sixteen reels of orgy and clean it up with one reel of retribution. Crime must not pay. No nice girl gets pregnant, except for love and when she wasn't looking. Sin don't pay off."

"So?" Mr. Arbuckle asked, chewing reflectively at his lower lip.

"So, like I say, it's like the broad from Kansas City. She is off on a wrong beat. She goes to the country with the king, and they have an orgy."

"We show the people the orgy?"

"Of course not. We show 'em a shot of the coach or cab arriving at a country shooting box and then we pan up to the transom. Who goes to the country to shoot? Is the king keeping her around for laughs? This is an intellectual-type girl?"

"So then she has a baby. You get babies like athlete's foot? You get babies from going to the country with kings. You dolly up to the baby and that takes care of the first orgy. Then you evoke the king's disfavor."

"You do what with the which?"

"Look. You got to have conflict. The king is skinny and has red hair and blue eyes. So does the dame. But she ain't skinny. The child looks exactly like the king's prime minister. Brown eyes, black hair, and the same birthmark. Suggest any conflict?"

"Well, if I was the king," Mr. Arbuckle mused, "I would begin to wonder a little bit if the baby was mine, and I would get pretty sore at the girl. Hey. What's her name?"

"I dunno," Jeter said. "Haven't decided. Want a name that suggests something, like *Scarlet*, or *Ruby*, or

(continued on page 28)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANZ ALTSCHULER

"Excellency," cried the servant, "a man is flying!"

IN the year A. D. 400 the Emperor Yuan held his throne by the Great Wall of China, and the land was green with rain, readying itself toward the harvest at peace the people in his dominion neither too happy nor too sad.

Early on the morning of the first day of the first week of the second month of the new year, the Emperor Yuan was sipping tea and leaning himself against a warm breeze when a servant ran across the scarlet and blue garden tiles, calling, "Oh, Emperor! Emperor, a miracle!"

"Yes," said the Emperor, "the air is sweet this morning."

"No, no, a miracle!" said the servant, bowing quickly.

"And this tea is good in my mouth, surely that is a miracle."

"No, no, Your Excellency."

"Let me guess then: the sun has risen and a new day is upon us. Or the sea is blue. That now is the finest

(continued on page 24)

THE FLYING MACHINE

by RAY BRADBURY

N STREET



"Joey ain't interested. — He's got a sister."



"I ain't advocatin' nothin', lady.
I'm just a little guy that's tired of
lookin' up at people all the time."

THERE'S HUMOR EVERYWHERE
EVEN IN THE BACK ALLEYS AND
CRUMBY DIVES OF A BIG CITY

SCENES

9



"I couldn't take those off, honey! — It'd make the show indecent!"



"How about a dime fer a cuppa coffee?"



"Man — that's what I call a drink!"

by  hel





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The two old maids lived their lonely lives together until, rather unexpectedly, a stranger arrived on the scene and whisked one of them away in matrimony. After the honeymoon, the new bride visited her unmarried friend and painted an ecstatic picture of married life.

"Our honeymoon," she said, "was like a cruise down the Mediterranean, a sail into a glorious sunset. It was wonderful!"

The second old maid was very much impressed and determined to get a man for herself. She showed her bankbook around town and eventually nailed a local gigolo. They were married at once and began their honeymoon.

They climbed into their wedding bed and in a short time the husband was flushed with excitement. The bride, however, was cool as a cucumber and decidedly unaffected by the proceedings.

"I simply don't understand it," she said rather indignantly. "My friend told me that marriage was like a cruise down the Mediterranean like a sail into a glorious sunset."

"Oh, she did eh?" said the guy, now trembling with uncontrollable excitement. "Well, bon voyage baby—I'm sailing without you!"



The French executive was traveling home by rail from a Paris business conference. As he pulled aside the curtains of his berth, he discovered two beautiful girls there. A glance at their tickets told him that the girls were in the wrong car. Distressed, the beauties flashed their most melting smiles and asked if they might stay where they were.

"My dear ladies," explained the executive. "I am a married man, a pillar of my community, and scandal has never touched me. One of you," he concluded, "will have to leave."

Coming home unexpectedly, the husband found his wife in bed with a naked man. He produced a pistol from a dresser drawer and was about to shoot the interloper when his wife pleaded, "Don't, don't! Who do you think bought us that house in the country, that beautiful Cadillac, my sable wrap?"

"Are you the man?" asked the husband. The unclothed one nodded. "Then get your clothes on," roared the husband, "you wanna catch cold?"



Then there was the professional lady who bought a bicycle and peddled it all over town.

The girl sitting daintily on the bar stool was luscious, shapely and tempting. Naturally, she aroused the interest of the playboy at the other end of the bar. He smiled at her. Then he winked. When this failed, he tried out his best leer. Just then the bartender—two hundred pounds of muscle with a hairy chest—leaned over the bar and said, "Look, Buster: that there's my wife. So cut the funny business, understand?"

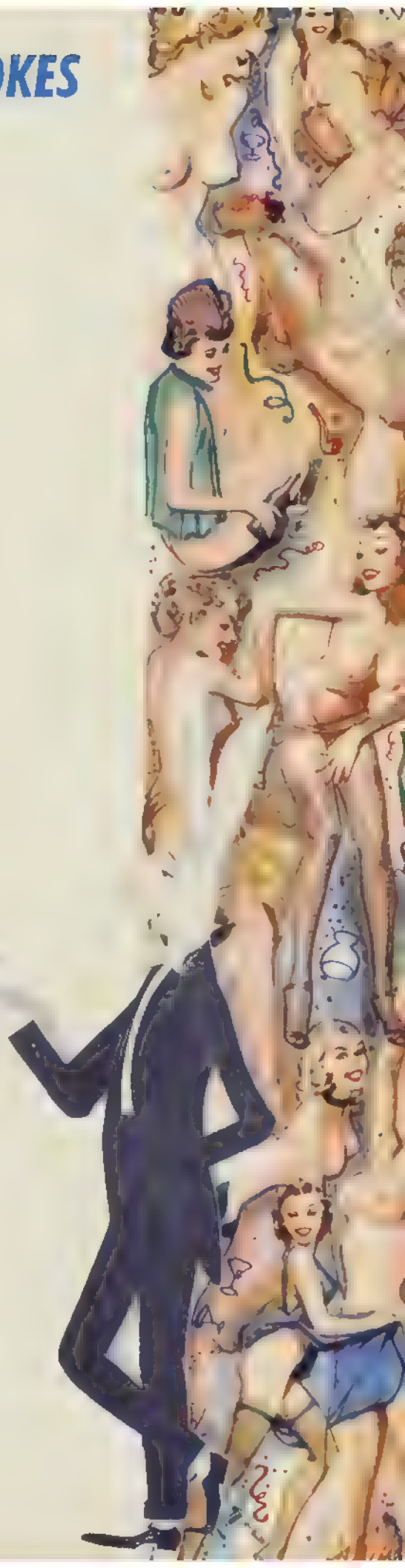
Replied the flustered playboy: "Funny business? I don't know what you're talking about. I just dropped in for a cool drink. Give me a piece of beer."

The rural lady had been coming into the city hospital regularly to give birth to her annual child. When she was packing up to go home after her tenth trip, the nurse said, "Well, Mrs. Slocum, I suppose we'll be seeing you again next year, as usual?"

"No, ma'am," drawled Mrs. Slocum. "My husband and I just found out what's been causin' it."

The Southern boy was trying to make time up North. "Honey chile," he purred to a luscious Yankee, "would it be all right if Ah kissed yo' all?"

Snapped she: "Aren't my lips enough?"



FLYING MACHINE (continued from page 19)

of all miracles."

"Excellency, a man is flying!"

"What?" The Emperor stopped his fan.

"I saw him in the air, a man flying with wings. I heard a voice call out of the sky, and when I looked up, there he was, a dragon in the heavens with a man in its mouth, a dragon of paper and bamboo, colored like the sun and the grass."

"It is early," said the Emperor, "and you have just wakened from a dream."

"It is early, but I have seen what I have seen! Come, and you will see it too."

"Sit down with me here," said the Emperor. "Drink some tea. It must be a strange thing, if it is true, to see a man fly. You must have time to think of it, even as I must have time to prepare myself for the sight."

They drank tea.

"Please," said the servant at last, "or he will be gone."

The Emperor rose thoughtfully. "Now you may show me what you have seen."

They walked into a garden across a meadow of grass, over a small bridge, through a grove of trees, and up a tiny hill.

"There!" said the servant.

The Emperor looked into the sky.

And in the sky, laughing so high that you could hardly hear him laugh, was a man; and the man was clothed in bright papers and reeds to make wings and a beautiful yellow tail, and he was soaring all about like the largest bird in a universe of birds, like a new dragon in a land of ancient dragons.

The man called down to them from high in the cool winds of morning, "I fly, I fly!"

The servant waved to him. "Yes, yes!"

The Emperor Yuan did not move. Instead he looked at the Great Wall of China now taking shape out of the farthest mist in the green hills, that splendid snake of stones which writhed with majesty across the entire land. That wonderful wall which had protected them for a timeless time from enemy hordes and preserved peace for years without number. He saw the town, nestled to itself by a river and a road and a hill, beginning to waken.

"Tell me," he said to his servant, "has anyone else seen this flying man?"

"I am the only one, Excellency," said the servant, smiling at the sky, waving.

The Emperor watched the heavens another minute and then said, "Call him down to me."

"Ho, come down, come down! The Emperor wishes to see you!" called the servant, hands cupped to his shouting mouth.

The Emperor glanced in all directions while the flying man soared down

the morning wind. He saw a farmer, early in his fields, watching the sky, and he noted where the farmer stood.

The flying man alit with a rustle of paper and a creak of bamboo reeds. He came proudly to the Emperor, clumsy in his rig, at last bowing before the old man.

"What have you done?" demanded the Emperor.

"I have flown in the sky, Your Excellency," replied the man.

"What have you done?" said the Emperor again.

"I have just told you!" cried the flier.

"You have told me nothing at all." The Emperor reached out a thin hand to touch the pretty paper and the birdlike keel of the apparatus. It smelled cool, of the wind.

"Is it not beautiful, Excellency?"

"Yes, too beautiful."

"It is the only one in the world!" smiled the man. "And I am the inventor."

"The only one in the world?"

"I swear it!"

"Who else knows of this?"

"No one. Not even my wife, who would think me mad with the sun. She thought I was making a kite. I rose in the night and walked to the cliffs far away. And when the morning breezes blew and the sun rose, I gathered my courage, Excellency, and leaped from the cliff. I flew! But my wife does not know of it."

"Well for her, then," said the Emperor. "Come along."

They walked back to the great house. The sun was full in the sky now, and the smell of the grass was refreshing. The Emperor, the servant, and the flier paused within the huge garden.

The Emperor clapped his hands. "Ho, guards!"

The guards came running.

"Hold this man."

The guards seized the flier.

"Call the executioner," said the Emperor.

"What's this?" cried the flier, bewildered. "What have I done?" He began to weep, so that the beautiful paper apparatus rustled.

"Here is the man who has made a certain machine," said the Emperor, "and yet asks us what he has created. He does not know himself. It is only necessary that he create, without knowing why he has done so, or what this thing will do."

The executioner came running with a sharp silver ax. He stood with his naked, large-muscled arms ready, his face covered with a serene white mask.

"One moment," said the Emperor. He turned to a nearby table upon which sat a machine that he himself had created. The Emperor took a tiny golden key from his own neck. He

fitted this key to the tiny, delicate machine and wound it up. Then he set the machine going.

The machine was a garden of metal and jewels. Set in motion, birds sang in tiny metal trees, wolves walked through miniature forests, and tiny people ran in and out of sun and shadow, fanning themselves with miniature fans, listening to the tiny emerald birds, and standing by impossibly small but tinkling fountains.

"Is it not beautiful?" said the Emperor. "If you asked me what I have done here, I could answer you well. I have made birds sing, I have made forests murmur, I have set people to walking in this woodland, enjoying the leaves and shadows and songs. That is what I have done."

"But, oh, Emperor!" pleaded the flier, on his knees, the tears pouring down his face. "I have done a similar thing! I have found beauty. I have flown on the morning wind. I have looked down on all the sleeping houses and gardens. I have smelled the sea and even seen it, beyond the hills, from my high place. And I have soared like a bird; oh, I cannot say how beautiful it is up there, in the sky, with the wind about me, the wind blowing me here like a feather, there like a fan, the way the sky smells in the morning! And how free one feels! That is beautiful, Emperor, that is beautiful too!"

"Yes," said the Emperor sadly, "I know it must be true. For I felt my heart move with you in the air and I wondered: What is it like? How does it feel? How do the distant pools look from so high? And how my houses and servants? Like ants? And how the distant towns not yet awake?"

"Then spare me!"

"But there are times," said the Emperor, more sadly still, "when one must lose a little beauty if one is to keep what little beauty one already has. I do not fear you, yourself, but I fear another man."

"What man?"

"Some other man who, seeing you, will build a thing of bright papers and bamboo like this. But the other man will have an evil face and an evil heart, and the beauty will be gone. It is this man I fear."

"Why? Why?"

"Who is to say that someday just such a man, in just such an apparatus of paper and reed, might not fly in the sky and drop huge stones upon the Great Wall of China?" said the Emperor.

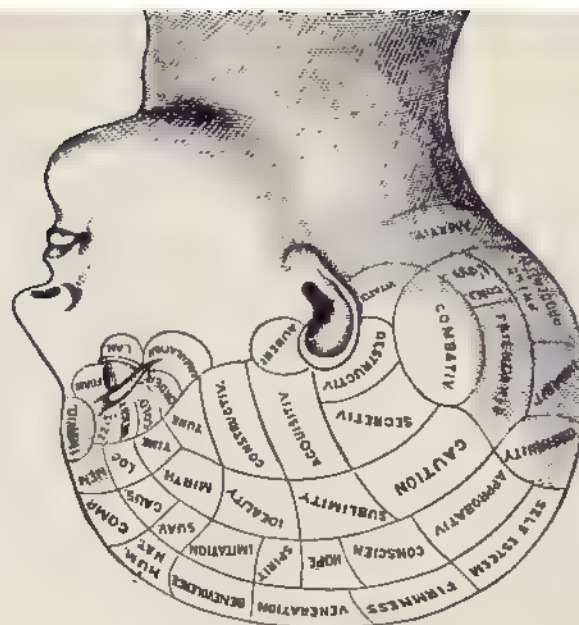
No one moved or said a word.

"Off with his head," said the Emperor.

The executioner whirled his silver ax.

"Burn the kite and the inventor's body and bury their ashes together," said the Emperor.

(continued on page 50)



LOGIC

YOU'VE invited three or four couples up to your apartment for the evening. Not everyone knows everyone else and conversation begins lagging. You mix a round of drinks and suggest a game. Later in the evening, with guests more relaxed, you may play *charades* or *strip quiz*, but what you need right now is something simple that will get everyone talking and enjoying themselves.

Logic is a fascinating game of wits that fills the bill perfectly.

You tell a very brief story that ends with a problem. The guests ask a number of questions about the story and, by eliminating the various possibilities, arrive at the logical solution. No special mathematical or similar skills are required—only the ability to reason logically. Even the dullards in the crowd will enjoy the game if you tell the stories interestingly enough.

You can try a few of these puzzlers first yourself, if you like, but to be properly played, the game requires a storyteller to answer the questions that will lead a logical mind to the solutions. You'll find the answers on page 35.

I

Let's start with the tale of the bear hunt. This is the granddaddy of all logic problems, and perhaps you've heard it before, but it has always been our favorite.

Two men went on a bear hunt. They left their camp and traveled 25 miles due south; then they traveled 25 miles due east, where they spotted a bear. They shot the beast and returned directly to camp, a distance of 25 miles. What color was the bear?

II

A man lived on the tenth floor of an apartment house. Each morning he rode the elevator down to the main floor and went to work. He returned again each evening, rode the elevator to the seventh floor, and walked up the last three flights. Since each apartment had its own private bathroom and the man had no friends on the seventh floor, why didn't he ride all the way to the tenth?

III

A man took his wife to a movie. During a particularly exciting, noisy part in the picture, he shot and killed her. At the end of the picture, they left together and no one noticed that the woman was dead. Why?

IV

A one-celled amoeba was put into an ordinary drinking glass. This particular amoeba grew at a rate that doubled its size each minute. In one hour, the amoeba completely filled the glass; at what time was the glass half filled?

V

A man in the United States opened up his morning paper and read a report of a woman's suicide in Paris. The wealthy and socially prominent couple was vacationing in Europe, the paper said, and the wife had leaped from their tenth story hotel room window. The man in the U.S. reading the story immediately phoned the police and told them that this was a case, not of

suicide, but of murder. How did he know?

VI

Police broke down the door of a small shack. It had been bolted from the inside and there were no windows or other openings in the building. The ceiling was approximately twelve feet high and a hook was screwed into its center. A man was hanging from a rope that was tied to this hook, and his feet were a good three feet from the floor. It was an obvious case of suicide, but since the interior of the building was completely bare, how had the man managed to kill himself?

VII

John awoke in the middle of a nightmare. He was lying on a couch. Beside the couch was a small table and on it, water and some broken pieces of glass. On the floor near the table was more water, glass, and the body of Mary. She was dead. How did she die?

VIII

A boat was sitting in the bay. A ladder hung over its side and four of its rungs were under water. The rungs of the ladder were two feet apart. In the next hour the tide came in and the water level rose three feet. How many rungs were submerged?

IX

The bank closed as usual and at 3:30, John Jones and the other employees went home. When John arrived for work the following day, the president of the bank met him at the door and fired him. Why?

these word-puzzles will get a party started in the right direction



MISS AUGUST

VICTORIAN EPOCH THE MONTH

THE STAR MAKER (continued from page 18)

Jewel. A name with color in it and depth of feeling. Amber—that ain't bad. Sultry and with deep undertones of color."

"Amber stinks," Mr. Arbuckle said. "You'd never be able to put it in a title."

"I think you're wrong, but skip it," Jeter answered. "I'm only a boy, but I think that Amber is a very sexy name."

• • •

From the very beginning, Jeter fit Hollywood like a turkey-furter fits a walnut malted. No writer he, he knew what he wanted in scripts and was adept in spotting trends. He never cared for the fancy stuff; Jeter believed in giving the public what the public wanted, or what Jeter believed firmly that the public wanted.

"I got one rule of thumb for making pictures," Jeter told an interviewer for *Daily Screen*, after he had been elevated from producer to the chieftainship of Mastodon-Lipschutz-Meyer. "That is simple: screw the public. The public ain't got the faintest friggin' idea what it wants. It just wants what we tell it it wants. Also: the hell with actors, male and female. Give me one bum with a hairy chest and a profile and Olivier can drop dead. Give me one cow with the right chest and you can keep Cornell. Likewise arty directors. They just louse up the story line with a lot of fancy camera. All I want is a script with balls, and actors dumb enough to obey orders, and I can open a junk shop with Oscars. Writers? You don't need 'em. There are about three situations and about ten dialogues and I know 'em all by heart. All you got to do is change the clothes on the actors and switch the locales and you're home with a solid bofferoo. I never bought a hit book or a Broadway show in my life. There's plenty of stuff in the public domain."

This came out in the movie magazines in due course.

Interviewed as he lounged by his swimming pool in his sumptuous estate in Bel Air (the writer began), Mr. Jeter ———, new president of Mastodon-Lipschutz-Meyer, attributed all his successes to careful selection of story material, extreme emphasis on direction and camera effects, and finally, fastidious care in the choice of actors.

"An actor must live and breathe his part," Mr. ——— said, stroking his chin with a silver-mounted chin-stroker, given him by the cast of his last success, *Murder the Bum*, a story of the national pastime. "I prize acting above all the other attributes of movie-making. To me an actor is something almost sacred, not

to be tampered with by director, nor even a script, if he is a true thespian."

"Yah," said Jeter, when somebody read him the quote. "I'll raise you another thousand."

Jeter's rise in Hollywood had been meteoric. He had started work, just before the advent of sound, as a messenger on the Mastodon-Lipschutz-Meyer lot. He had access to the mail room, and began his upward stride by steaming open envelopes which appeared to contain manuscripts, scanning them quickly, and transferring their basic plot structure to a little notebook. After a year in the mail room Jeter knew, by heart, every structural skeleton in the scenario closet. These he memorized, for future use, and was never afterward stumped by "script trouble." The tightness of his plotting made him his reputation as, first, a director, and later a producer.

But Jeter's real reputation was not made so much on the lot as in the lady's chamber. He was not heavily particular about which lady's chamber, nor, from time to time, did he even demand a chamber. Hollywood history was made one night in the Casita Bomba, a night club on Sunset Strip, when Jeter, somewhat drunk, became so intrigued with the charms of his companion that a headwaiter, named Andre, was forced to drape the enraptured couple with a tablecloth, while an appreciative audience applauded discreetly.

Jeter's prowess as a lady's man eventually achieved such proportion that he became a synonym for sex in Hollywood, no easy trick when one considers that more specialists in this field flock to the strange city that is hard by Burbank than to any other concentrated locality in the world. Jeter invented the term "casing couch." His name became a euphemism for a strong, active verb. Until a girl had been *Jetered*, she did not really belong to Hollywood's upper strata. Jeter scorned polo as effete.

"Every time I look at that Zanuck on a horse," Jeter said, "all I see is a waste of energy. The guy is showing off for the horse. Me, I save my muscles for the girls. Who's happier, me or Gene Autry?"

Jeter's home in Bel Air was a monument to his avocation. There were no chairs in his vast sprawling house. Every receptacle suitable for the human posterior was a double divan. There were five huge Moorish beds in the living room alone. Jeter wearied of the same workbench.

His bedrooms were miraculous in themselves. There was no floor space in any of them. As one entered the door he stepped directly into bed. Since each room was forty by twenty-

five feet, his bills at the tailor's for special sheetings ran high. "Putting a clean sheet on his sack," one of his grumbling servants once remarked, "is like trying to put pajamas on a battleship."

All Jeter's bedrooms were lined, wall and ceiling, with soft mirrors, to match the sheets and blankets. His favorite was the peach room, which he used mostly when his fancy was blonde, and his next favorite was the green room, whence he conducted redheads. He had a room of black sheets and black mirrors for shy maidens, and his room for brunette company was a rich Pompeian red. The all white room was employed mainly for foreign maidens—dark and luscious lassies from Mexico and Brazil and Italy and Morocco. Jeter was a man who enjoyed contrasts.

There were only a few house rules in Jeter's mansion. He would employ only blind servants, for instance, because he always said that what people didn't see didn't hurt them. He would allow no woman to retain the clothes she arrived in. As soon as she passed the front portal she was ushered into a dressing room and offered her choice of sarongs.

"I settled on the sarong very simply," Jeter once explained. "It is the only ideal piece of female clothing. One twist and there she be. None of this business of fighting your way past a lot of armor—corsets and girdles and boned brassieres. Nuts! You might as well try to rattle a barbed-wire fence. Also, a doll goes barefooted with a sarong. I don't know what it is about bare feet, but show me a dame who'll take her shoes off and the rest is just a matter of timing. It gives 'em confidence, I guess, when they feel free to wiggle their toes."

Only nude swimming was encouraged in Jeter's swimming pool, which he kept filled with Napa Valley champagne. Jeter was always reasonably frugal, and since uncorked champagne soon lost its verve, he could see no real reason for using imported stuff merely for getting wet.

Jeter did not drink much, himself, but he poured a lavish tippie. He was a strict disciple of the get-'em-drunk-early-and-save-conversation school. He had a directness of approach to womanhood that was oddly appealing. "A broad in the hay is worth two on the aisle," was his way of evaluating marriage, an estate that caused him to shudder when the word was mentioned.

Jeter always ate very simply of high-protein foods, such as semi-raw steaks and seafoods, especially oysters. "I don't know whether there's anything to it, that old fable about oysters, I mean," he was fond of saying. "But somehow, two or three dozen Chincoco-

(continued on page 32)



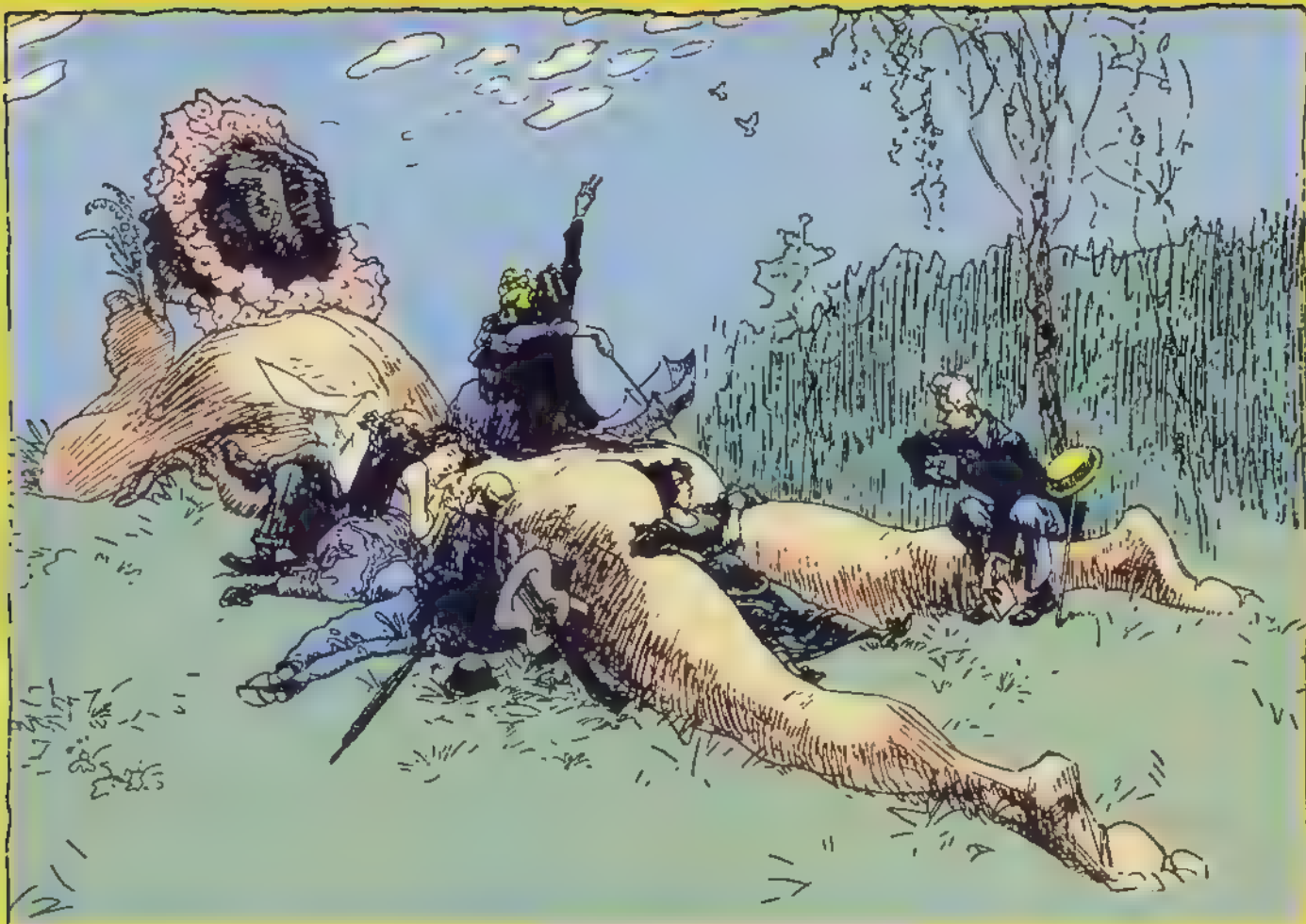
"There's a nice, shady spot!"

Kley's

Summer



pictorial



Heinrich Kley's little creatures enjoy a warm summer day



THE STAR MAKER (continued from page 28)

teagues give me a feeling of confidence. And man, without confidence, a guy gets nowhere with dames. They got to feel it, like a dog knows when you're afraid of him. Just let a woman get that old feeling about inevitability and you're home, Dad."

After he achieved considerable fame, and more money, Jeter's method with a maid was charmingly simple. He always traveled in company with a Mexican named Juan Maya, who was in his employ as confidential secretary and public relations chief. Juanny, as he was called, was a fat, jolly little fellow, with no enemies. He had one answer which saved him much time and trouble. Whatever Juan Maya was asked, he always said, "Si." The rest of the time he remained silent.

In the evenings Jeter and Juan would go to one of the better-known celebrity night clubs, sit at a corner table, and slowly check the swirling crowds, sipping champagne. Juan would always be impeccably dressed in dinner jacket, boutonniere, and a look of sly expectancy. Jeter dressed more and more sloppily as he grew older. A favorite costume was a Hawaiian aloha shirt, a dirty pair of dungarees, and an old pair of sandals or tennis shoes with holes cut in them. He and Juan would sit, saying nothing, until suddenly Jeter's eyes would light up.

"Juanny," he would say.

"Si?"

"That one. The big blonde with the knockers in the black velvet dancing with that half-ass actor. *That* one."

"Si."

Jeter would get up, stroll out, and go home. Half an hour later Juan Maya, after paying the check, would arrive at Jeter's mansion—which was called Casacama in Spanish and Broad Acres by the irreverent—to find Jeter listening moodily to low jazz.

"Thees Mees Smeeth," Juan would say. "Good night."

"Charmed," Jeter would say lazily. "Lie down, babe, and make yourself comfortable."

Sidney Skolsky once wrote a "Tintype" about Jeter. He did not have to ask Jeter whether or not he wore pajamas. Everybody in Hollywood already knew.

Then, quite unexpectedly, Jeter fell in love. He fell in love with Gwen Cavendish, nee Nan Nussbaum.

Little Nan Nussbaum had not been a really *bad* girl. She was merely headstrong, and she had been cursed from earliest infancy with the affliction of always knowing exactly what she wanted. This did not sit well with her father, Abe Nussbaum, a mild man who had been dominated all his

adult years by Nan's mother Sarah. As Nan grew to weedy adolescence, her frustrate tantrums piled atop her mother's shrewishness. She did not like living over the candy store on Rivington Street. She didn't care for her life, at all, as it was. She dreamed extravagant dreams, in which her name was usually Gwen Cavendish. She was to live always on Fifth Avenue, except when she was spending the season in London or buying frocks in Paris or ranging the Mediterranean on her yacht with her handsome husband, Lord Derek Alistair-Harmsworth.

In the absence of Lord Derek Alistair-Harmsworth, Nan Nussbaum got in trouble with a boy named Herschel Suritz when she was fifteen. Nobody had bothered to tell her about babies until the imminence of her ownership of one necessitated a burst of frankness on the part of her wailing mother and her crushed father. Nan lost her baby in the fifth month, and she never fully trusted men again.

Nan ran away from home after she got well and went to work in a restaurant just off Broadway. She was taken from the restaurant by a bookmaker, who disappeared one day when he overextended himself on a hockey game. She passed next under the hand of a minor Broadway agent, who eventually got her a job in the chorus of a night club that folded soon after she opened as the third brunette from the left. At eighteen she was lovely, with a fresh, bruised innocence that immediately attracted men. She left the agent for a dancer. She discarded the dancer for an actor. Nobody was more surprised than she when he sent her train fare to join him in Hollywood. He had made one picture and was set for another.

In the celebration that followed his mild success, he got hold of some bad gin and died. Nan procured a job again as waitress in the commissary of the studio for which her protector had worked. She made a fetching picture behind the dessert counter of the cafeteria, and attracted the attention one day of a minor producer who took her away from all that.

There was drinking one night at the house of the minor producer, and in a fit of alcoholic gaiety Nan was given a screen test. Talking pictures were just coming in, and there was some crushed-grape Slavic warmth in her voice that caused immediate incandescence of her personality when she spoke. Still in drunken jest she was signed for a bit part in a minor production and astounded America by stealing it—lock, stock, and producer. This was a *bigger* producer than the other producer.

After that Nan climbed fast. Using

a bedroom as a fulcrum, she was able to move the world, as Hollywood considered itself. She finally achieved the couch of Ben Squanders, chief of Ineffable Films, and with it she also achieved stardom, culture, and the name of Gwen Cavendish. Five husbands and a few quickies later, she met an Englishman, a true lord, named Simon Peebles, and straightway became Lady Peebles.

Sometimes, when Gwen Cavendish looked at her three swimming pools, checked the invoice sheet on her lockbox, ticked off her blue mink, her white mink, her blackmist mink, her brown Labrador mink, her sable, her chinchilla and her assortment of fox wraps, she was prone to muse. She would look critically at her husband, Lord Simon Peebles, as he slept placidly by the pool, and sometimes she would stride out to the garage and count her Cadillacs and Rollsies.

"I wonder," she would murmur to herself. "I wonder if, with all this, I am really, but really happy." Then she would answer herself in a loud voice, which sometimes shocked guests.

"You bet your sweet ass I am," said Lady Gwen Peebles, to nobody in particular.

It was this last trenchant bit of philosophy which first intrigued Jeter. True enough, Gwen Cavendish was a beautiful woman, with rather more up top than she needed, and a skin so warm, so rich-toned, that she appeared to be on the verge of bursting out of it. She had slightly slanted eyes with abnormally glistening whites, and a way of speaking slowly, in a deep voice, which seemed a direct invitation to every man she met. She was not more beautiful than four of the five thousand women Jeter had known intimately, but she had something—*something*. The truth was that Jeter was tired of impermanence, of a new head on the pillow every morning, and he wanted, for the first time, a real home. He figured, anyhow, that he had the office at the lot, which was plenty big enough for a fast reversion to type, or "quickies," when he became bored with matrimony. Gwen Cavendish had everything he wanted from a woman, including a husband, her own swimming pool, and a full outlay of clothes, cars, charm, career, and money.

"I want to talk to you, Miss Cavendish," Jeter said one day as he was having cocktails at somebody's house, and happened to run onto her in the garden, where she was wondering aloud as to the state of her personal happiness. "Could we have lunch together sometime next week?"

"Don't call *me*," she replied. "I'll call you. I'm afraid my husband is a very jealous man, and your reputation rather reeks, old boy."

"I'll wait for your call," Jeter said

absent-mindedly wandering off to follow a redheaded rear that looked vaguely familiar. He was sitting in his office the following week, gazing speculatively at a new secretary, when his phone rang. It was Gwen.

"Hullo, there," she said. "About that lunch. How would it be for Tuesday?"

"Fine, sweetie," Jeter said. "How about Romanoff's? Nobody we know goes there any more."

"Cool, man," Lady Peebles answered. "I'll meet you in the bar, and we can always call it an accident when Lolly and Hedda run it in their columns."

Gwen was looking very fetching when they met the next day, dressed in a little Schiaparelli number with something improbable by Mr. John on her head. Jeter's breath came faster. This wasn't sex, he said to himself. This time it was love. He barely finished his herring in cream before he bluntly broached the matter.

"I think I am in love with you, Gwen," he said. "I know I want to marry you. How about it, babe?"

"I got a husband already, dear boy," she said, chewing daintily on a blackstrap-molasses-and-raw-carrot salad. "Peebles. The limey with the chin."

"Oh, him. No problem. Give the bum a couple of bucks and let him move to his club. Swap him his title for his old tweeds, or something, and throw him out."

"You might have something," Gwen said, her eyes softening with love. "I think I've had that bucktoothed jerk long enough. But how do we beat the community-property thing? This bum can go back to Merrie Old Whatever Hall with half of everything I've got unless we're pretty careful."

"Oh, that's easy enough. I can frame him easy, and give him the choice of taking a few bob to blow or going to jail for a decent bit. I got connections in this town, and the fix is easy."

"Oh, darling," Gwen said. "You're so wonderful. Hello there, Hedda dear. I love you."

"I love you too," Hedda said, staring venomously at Gwen's hat.

"I meant him, actually," Gwen said, pointing to Jeter.

"You and everybody else," Hedda said, moving off. "But it's a dull day and I can use a stick of romance for the column. Good-by, darlings."

"I can scarcely wait to be married," Jeter said. "Would you mind terribly if we don't go to bed until after the ceremony? I feel sort of tender about you."

"Oh, do you really, dear?" Gwen said. "You're the first man ever asked me to marry him sitting at a table. Usually I had to take the question

lying down. You be sure and let me know, now, when you've got poor dear Simon framed. I shall miss the poor darling, you know. He was so good about the dogs and all."

The frame of poor Lord Simon Peebles was rather more easy than not. When the police broke down the door—into which Lord Simon had turned merely because it was marked "Men" and he needed to freshen up—three naked women, all from Central Casting, hurled themselves upon him and began to scream and rend his garments. Someone else pressed a smoldering stick of marijuana into his hand, while another placed a sheaf of bookmaker's receipts in his pockets. A swift search by the police revealed a six-ounce packet of heroin, blue-prints from the atom factory in Alamogordo, a freshly severed lady's leg, Jack Benny's hair piece, and a small child, bound hand and foot, a ransom note attached, gagged with a length of stolen chinchilla from Mary Pickford's house. A card from the Communist Party was also discovered in his pocket and a few telltale pack-

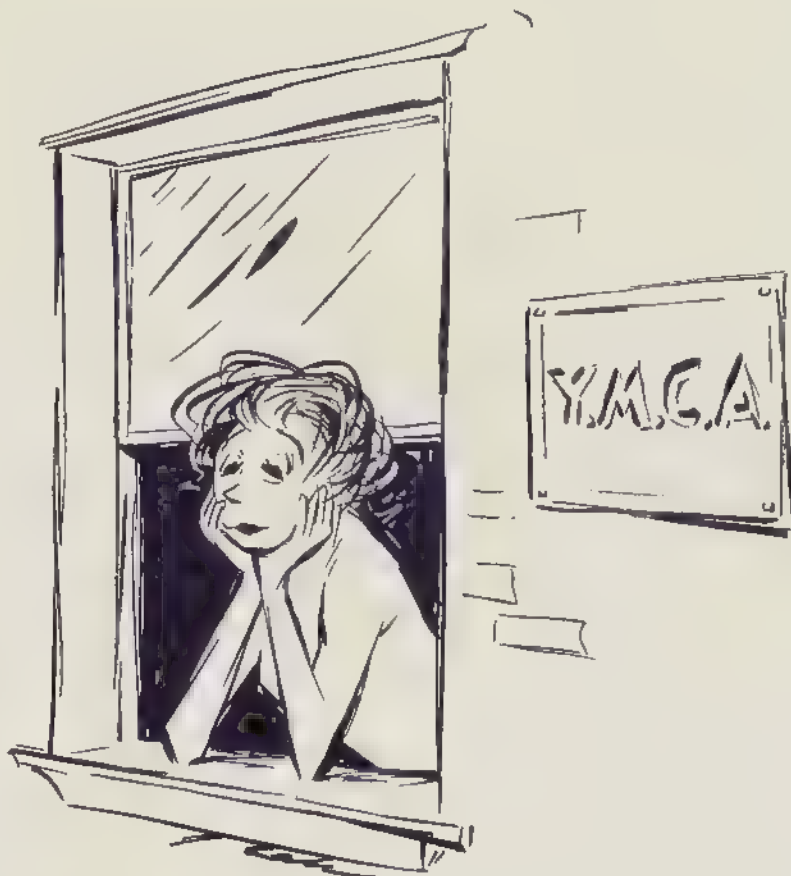
ages marked "Brink's" were hidden under the bed. All of the naked women proved to be fifteen years old, well under the age of consent, even for California.

"Well, Errol Flynn," said one of the cops—also from Central Casting—"will you sign this property agreement and get a quickie divorce, or would you rather be charged with statutory rape, contributing to the delinquency of a minor, illegal possession of a freshly severed lady's leg, bookmaking, espionage, conspiracy to possess narcotics, armed robbery, kidnapping, Commie-affiliation, and hair-raising exploits? I have reference to Mr. Benny's toupee, you should pardon the yock, in the last reference I have reference to. Do you sign, or off we go to jail forevermore?"

"It would appear you've got me, chaps," poor Lord Peebles said. "I'll sign." He signed. Terms of the property settlement gave him custody of his clothes, the dogs, and fifty dollars a month until such time as he should remarry. Lord Simon Peebles was a

(continued on page 35)

FEMALES BY COLE: 3



Devil-May-Care



very bitter man.

The wedding was marred only by the fact that at the last minute neither bride nor groom could be located. Jeter was upstairs, absent-mindedly fondling a bridesmaid, and Gwen had retired to the summerhouse with a visiting Italian director. But it turned out to be a happy marriage, as Hollywood marriages go. Jeter and Gwen communicated with each other through a neutral psychiatrist, and spoke pleasantly to each other when they met at Ciro's with somebody else. They refrained from bruising each other's eyes and egos, and conducted their love lives discreetly in out-of-the-way cabins and better motels. Life ran smoothly, with Jeter still living in his house, and Gwen living in hers, until tragedy interrupted what has been called, by the gossipists, "Hollywood's happiest marriage"—especially after they each adopted a dozen refugee children each. The fact that Gwen adopted all boys and Jeter adopted all girls didn't strike anyone as strange, although a few cats did purr that Jeter's wards seemed a little *old* for adoption.

Tragedy struck in the form of Lord Simon Peebles, the disenchanted, disinherited spouse of Gwen Cavendish. Lord Simon had brooded deeply after his frame. Work was beneath his dignity, and he took to hanging around Lucey's and cadging drinks from old friends of his wife. One night, maddened by Moscow Mules, Lord Simon went home to his boardinghouse in Olvera Street and took down his last possession, an English sporting rifle with which he had once shot lions in the happy days when Gwen took her vacation and he took his. It was a very fine gun, a Western Richards .470, suitable for elephants and rhino, since it fired a bullet the size of a good cigar. He had decided to pawn it, for more drink, when the idea struck him.

Lord Simon sat up all night perfecting his plans, and bright and early, if a little bleared, he set out for the Mastodon-Lipschutz-Meyer lot. He passed the guard at the gate with a cheery nod.

"Good morning, Your Worship," the guard said. "Working, I see."

"Rather," Lord Simon said, hefting his elephant gun. "That new jungle picture of Bogart's. I'm playing a white hunter. Rather like old times. I used to be pure hell on lions and things."

He passed on to the main office building of M-L-M and sat comfily down on the stoop. He lit his pipe and relaxed, dangling the heavy double rifle across his knees. Several people stopped to say hello, since the spectacle of a British lord smoking

a pipe and dangling an elephant gun outside the chief of production's office aroused no curiosity, especially since the lord had once been married to the chief of production's current lady.

Eventually a fuchsia Cadillac upholstered in leopard skin drove up and Jeter stepped out. He was dressed rather sharply for him, since he wore an old Seabee fatigue cap, a turtle-neck sweater, British walking shorts, and ancient carpet slippers.

"What do you want?" he asked Lord Simon brusquely. "Money, I suppose. Well, you won't get any."

"Oh, there you are," Lord Simon answered languidly. "No, old boy, money wasn't what I had in mind."

He lifted the elephant gun and aimed it at Jeter's middle. Jeter opened his mouth to scream, and Lord Simon pulled the trigger. The gun boomed, and Jeter tumbled backward. Stoically, Lord Simon put the gun's muzzle in his mouth, pressed the unfired trigger, and blew his head completely off. An elephant gun creates rather a mess at close range.

However, Lord Simon did not meet Jeter in hell, to continue the argument. Too much boozing about had shaken the once firm hand of Lord Simon Peebles. He jerked the trigger and hit Jeter a touch low. He was struck, as the newspapers later printed, in the groin.

"I wish he'd killed me," Jeter said when he regained consciousness. "Everything I've lived for is gone."

"You're so right, sweetie," the nurse murmured. Jeter looked weakly at her cleavage as she bent over to give him a thermometer, and then turned his head to the wall as he remembered that from now on all he could possibly ever, ever do was *look*.

That is how Jeter ——— became the nation's top producer of "art" and "problem" pictures. His avocation gone, he threw himself into his work at 5 A. M. and never knocked off until 6:30 the next morning. In this way he created for himself an odd distinction—he was the only living man who could labor twenty-four hours a day and still be an hour-and-a-half late for work.

Embittered by his accident, an antagonism towards sex began developing in Jeter and appearing in his work. Sex became a very dirty word in all his pictures. If any of the characters seemed to be enjoying sex in the first reel of a Jeter production, you could be certain they would be jumping under a train, or out a ten story window, or at least completely broken morally and spiritually by the last

(continued on page 46)

LOGIC ANSWERS (Problems on page 25)

I

The only place on earth where a man can travel 25 miles due south, then 25 miles due east, and still be just 25 miles from the spot where he began is at the north pole. Since the camp had to be located at the pole, the bear must have been white. If this is confusing, try it on an orange or some other round object. If you travel 25 miles due south from the top, you can go any distance east or west and you'll still be just 25 miles from where you began.

II

The elevator was an automatic, self-operating brand and the man was a midget. He couldn't reach any higher than the seventh button. If one of your guests asks whether he *always* gets off at the seventh floor, you may say that occasionally he rides all the way to the tenth, for occasionally some one else will be in the car too and can push the tenth floor button for him.

III

It was a Drive-In movie and no one noticed the corpse because the couple left as they had come, in their car.

IV

The glass was half filled in 59 minutes, since the next minute when it again doubled its size, it completely filled the glass.

V

The man in the U. S. was a ticket salesman for a steamship line and he sold the wealthy husband the tickets for the European voyage. The husband had purchased two tickets — a round-trip for himself and a one-way for his wife.

VI

The suicide was an iceman. He stood on a cake of ice, tied the rope around his neck, and stepped off. Later, the ice melted.

VII

Poor Mary was a goldfish and John had accidentally knocked over and broken her fish bowl during his nightmare.

VIII

The same four rings were still submerged since the boat and the ladder on its side rose with the tide.

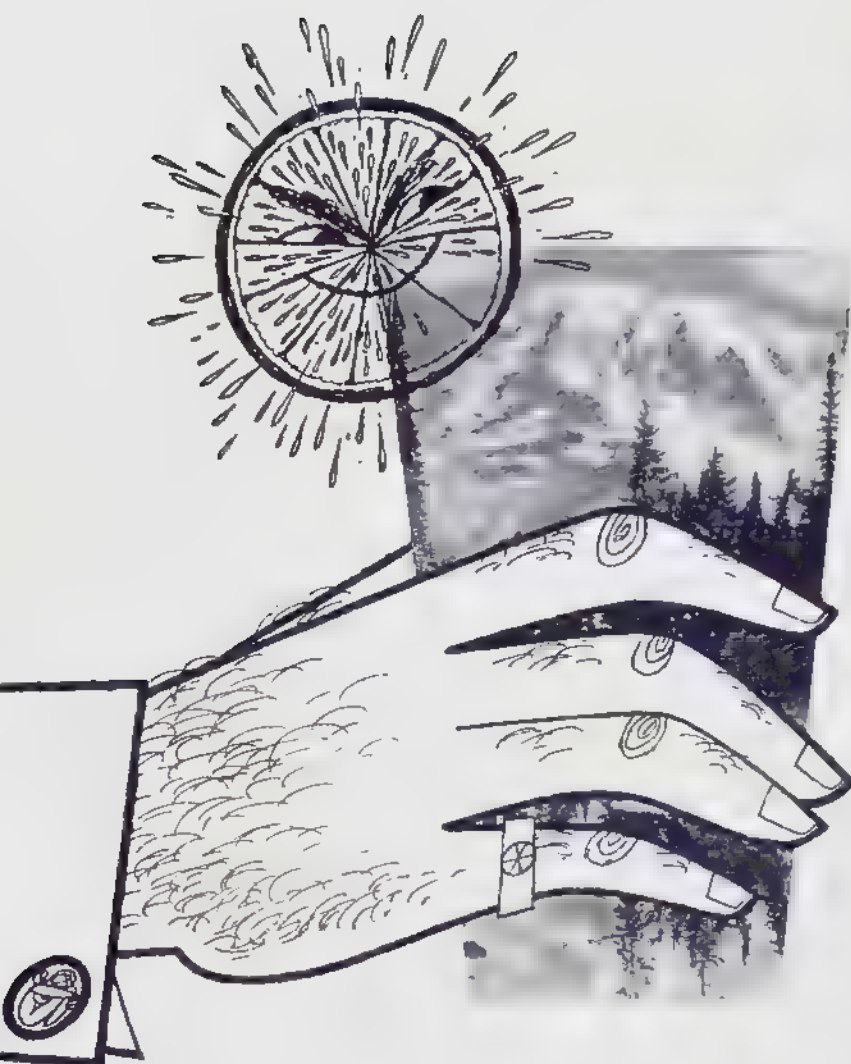
IX

John Jones was fired for leaving the bank with the other employees at 3:30, because John Jones was the night watchman.

BY JUNIPER!

by THOMAS MARIO

playboy's food & drink editor



STUDENTS of alcoholology have offered many theories to explain the antipathy of the average American girl toward juniper juice or deadeye, frequently sold under the trade name of gin.

Mention the word gin to the average girl on the way to your apartment and she bristles at once. She pictures you staggering, completely stoned, your decks awash, clutching her arm with one hand and a bottle of gin with the other. The very word gin rattles her sense of decency. It reminds her of gin lane in London and drunken charwomen. It tastes like paint and smells like formaldehyde. Her back stiffens. "We'll go to the corner drugstore," she says in a perverse command. "I'll have a vanilla frosted before I go home."

There are many such case histories.

Alcoholologists, however, point out that most of these case histories become obsolete as the average American girl grows into the average American woman. As her education progresses, she discovers such ungirlish flavors as gorgonzola, garlic and oregano.

One evening when cocktails are being passed, she is given a golden blend of four parts of gin to one part dry vermouth. She holds the amber drink in a thin cold shell of glass. She drinks it warily, and there are no ill effects. Then she munches the meaty pitted green olive and feels for the first time the wonderful soft afterglow of a martini. Eventually at the age of about twenty-five, on a hot summer's afternoon, she is introduced to a gin and tonic. Her pleasure is unbounded as she quaffs the tart semi-bitter drink for the first time.

Of course, the average American girl isn't what she used to be. Early Dutch settlers in Colonial America were miserable with the muddy beer they brewed from pumpkins and corn. Life only looked up when they imported their own liquor from Europe. They wouldn't hesitate to give their young children a sip of their beloved gin. Young girls drank beer at mealtime.

A young lass of seven together with her maid were sent from the Barbados to live with the girl's grandmother in Boston. The grandmother insisted that the girl could have nothing to drink but water at mealtime. The irate maid and girl immediately left the grandmother's home. Sometime later the grandmother received a letter from the girl's parents explaining very precisely that their daughter had been

reared as a young lady and was, therefore, accustomed to both wine and beer with every meal.

For that matter, the average young man isn't what he used to be either. Take Harvard students, for instance. During the 18th century beer was served at both breakfast and dinner in the college commons. Gin, of course, was an extra-curricular matter and had to be bought off campus.



ILLUSTRATED BY JUSTIN WAGER

a tall gin drink will make her cool and cooperative

But what group of Harvard graduates today could compare with the class of 1760, all of whose members were suspended en masse for drunkenness?

What modern host could hope to set up a punch bowl like that created by the Hon. Edward Russel, captain general of the English forces during the reign of William III? Russel once used the fountain in his garden for mixing his drinks. The recipe included 560 gallons of brandy, 25 thousand lemons, 1300 pounds of sugar, 20 gallons of lime juice and 5 pounds of nutmeg. His bartender rowed about in a small boat filling up the punch cups as required.

Russel's monarch, William III, introduced gin to England. It was William's favorite beverage. In time London was beset with the gin fever. It was estimated that one house out

of every four was a gin shop. Typical was the sign that read: "Here a man may get drunk for one penny and dead drunk for twopence. Straw provided."

In spite of these historical changes certain facts remain as they always were. Summer follows winter. Hat bands begin to steam. The dog days of August turn us all into a panting, limping herd. Nothing trickles from the office cooler but flat, unquenching water. You drink iced soda, and the sweetness only makes your throat sticky. You try beer but the grunting thirst continues.

At 5:45 the girl waiting impatiently in the lobby barks hello and says let's move at any cost. You return her volley with some chatter about the busy day at the office, knowing damn well that in this kind of humidity

you can't possibly appease her with words or dinner or tickets.

It looks like a nothing evening at the end of a nothing day. And then, quite suddenly, you're inside an air-conditioned bar, escorting her to the darkest booth. You leave her there and ask the bartender to fix a sloe gin fizz for the lady and a Tom Collins for yourself.

When the sloe gin fizz is delivered, she's intrigued first of all by the bright red color. It looks just like cherry lemonade. As she sips the top frost, she smiles in relief. You wait until she takes the first complete gulp. Then you tell her she is drinking gin—a sloe gin fizz.

"It doesn't feel slow, darling," she says.

"Not s-l-o-w," you explain, "S-l-o-e. It's gin made from the sloe berry."

Of course every honest student of liquor knows that sloe gin isn't gin at all, but a sweet liqueur made by distilling spirits with the sloe berry and then adding a heavy syrup.

Your deception is entirely legal. Like any liquor, the sloe gin gives leeway to her nerves. You plant your elbows squarely on the table and look the girl in the eye. Her tension is completely untied. She asks you how your drink tastes and this is your break, the good thing on ice for which you've been waiting.

"Taste it," you say. For the first time, her lips meet the pick of the summer-drink-crop, the cool, lemony, ice-tinkling draught that tops every other liquid concoction, the best man-size drink on earth for cooling a heat wave.

She tastes it thoughtfully. "It's good," she admits, "but I don't know. It's a little sour, isn't it?"

"Try a little more." She takes a long deep swallow. Following the sloe gin fizz, the Tom Collins feels like cold, fresh lake water after a tepid bath, like an open-top car on a winding road after a hot taxi ride, like cold, thick honeydew melon after canned fruit. In a word, it's superior.

At this turn of events you order Tom Collins for both. You can assure her she needn't mind mixing drinks any more than she must avoid mixing foods. The idea that different kinds of liquor will upset one is a myth. It's the quantity of alcohol you take and your own capacity to tolerate it that determines your ability to imbibe safely.

As she continues to drink the Tom Collins you will notice one preeminent fact. She doesn't get tired of this drink. It will never bore her. People, of course, have passed out after scooping in unlimited quantities of the tippie, usually in the form of martinis. But this is just a natural part of their education. It simply proves Dr. Johnson's observation that nobody ever died of drinking though a few have perished in learning the art.

Actually, as any professional bartender will tell you, drinkers seldom fall under the table drinking Tom Collins. The long drink fills but does not ruin. Straight liquor will send a man on a bender quickly. The long tall drink, slowly imbibed, will only make him happy.

She finishes the Tom Collins and asks for another. This will be the third drink and her last. You are aware that liquor is not a stimulant but actually a sedative. You want her to acquiesce, not pass out. In a little while you will order steak sandwiches on toast and hot coffee.

Only when she asks, "How do you make a Tom Collins?" can you congratulate yourself on the fact that

you are no longer entertaining a problem child but a woman of unmeasured promise and possibilities.

First of all you tell her something about gin. It isn't raw alcohol mixed in a rusty bathtub by a Kentucky moonshiner. It's distilled, colorless liquor made from corn, rye and malt, and flavored with juniper.

Gin originated in Holland where it was first discovered by a professor of medicine at Lyden in 1660. It was then imported into France and was called *Genevre*, the French word for juniper. The Dutch called the drink Geneva and the English shortened it into gin.

Over the centuries the greatest varieties of flavoring ingredients have been used to make gin. Different brands have included angelica and anise, liquorice, coriander, cinnamon and turpentine. At the present time in the United States gin is made from distilled grain and is flavored with coriander and juniper.

There is a vast difference between imported and domestic gin. Most of the imported gin, from Holland and England, is distinguished by the fact that it is aged, just like whiskey, in wooden vats. The aging process makes it more subtle in flavor and infinitely more mellow. One American brand called Ancient Bottle is the aged variety, and this resembles the finer imported gins. But for making Tom Collins or any other tall summer drink, any of the nationally advertised domestic gins will fill the bill perfectly.

The young lady may at this point ask, out of pleasant curiosity, what "Tom Collins" means. You should be prepared to explain the meaning of the term. "Collins," you can point out, is the name of the tall glass holding from 12 to 16 ounces of liquid. Old Tom gin is an English gin named after an automatic drinking machine once used in London. It was in the shape of a large tom cat, and when one inserted a penny, a stream of gin issued forth from a pipe in the cat's paw, just like one of our modern vending machines.

To serve a proper Tom Collins you should have the proper glassware. A collins glass should have a thick base, but the glass itself should be thin crystal and should be fluted so that you can get a wholesome grip on it. It needn't be expensive glassware. You don't have to buy it in a shop specializing in ancient Chinese poison cups. But neither should your glassware be an odd assortment of discarded jelly glasses or colored glassware given away free with each half pound of cottage cheese. Remember, when you present a Tom Collins, that we drink with the eyes as well as with the mouth.

TOM COLLINS RECIPE

Before mixing Tom Collins for two or twenty persons, you must assemble all the materials necessary to process the glass that cheers. Besides glasses, you'll need ice, a bar mixing-spoon or an iced-tea spoon, coasters, a large kitchen towel, lemons, gin, sugar and carbonated water. There is a prepared Tom Collins mix which eliminates the lemon juice, sugar and carbonated water, but like all synthetic preparations, it misses the straight up and down flavor of honest fresh lemons and is something of a sham.

For a single Tom Collins do this: Squeeze the juice of one good sized lemon (size 300 or 360 to the box if your vegetable man gets technical). If you use a glass fruit juice reamer, rub the lemon on the kitchen table with the palm of your hand, putting your body weight on it to soften the fibres of the lemon and make squeezing easy. Extract the juice, but do not squeeze the lemon until it hollers. Uncle or you will get some of the bitter oil of the rind into the juice.

Pour the juice into the Tom Collins glass. Add a heaping teaspoon of sugar, more or less to taste. Stir well to dissolve the sugar. Then add a jigger of gin. A jigger is a measuring unit of one-and-one-half ounces. This, too, you may increase or decrease to taste. Fill the glass with cracked ice or ice cubes. Then pour in cold carbonated water or seltzer water. Don't fill the glass to overflowing. Stir vigorously with the mixing spoon until the glass feels icy. Deliver at once to a low cocktail table alongside a lounge chair.

An alternate procedure which professional bartenders usually follow is this: Put the sugar, lemon juice, gin and ice into a cocktail shaker. Cover the shaker and shake vigorously. Pour, without straining, into a Tom Collins glass. Add the carbonated water to fill the glass. Stir and serve.

If you're not in a gin mood, you may substitute whiskey for a Whiskey Collins sometimes called Colonel Collins. A Pedro Collins is one made with rum in place of gin. A John Collins is made with Holland gin in place of the usual London dry gin.

GIN FIZZ

Tough young brother to the Tom Collins is the gin fizz. It's breezy, dry and almost always ordered by male rather than by female bar polishers. No sugar is used to make a gin fizz. It is served in an eight-ounce glass rather than the twelve-ounce Tom Collins glass. It's tart, peppy and to the point—the favorite of sweaty commuters who have four-and-a-quarter minutes to catch the train.

To mix this refined panther with the least amount of bother, fill an

(continued on page 49)



"I love my neighbor—but he's married."

A BUMP, A GRIND, AND A GIMMICK



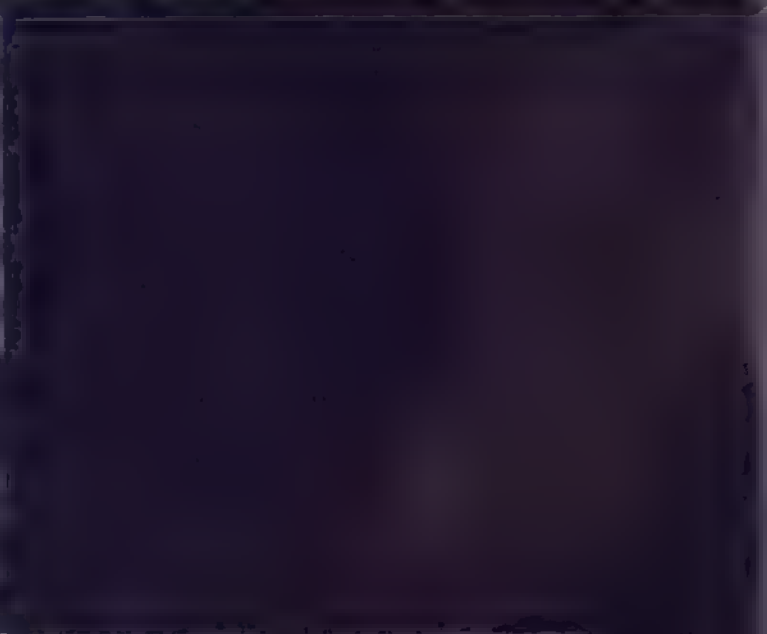
THERE was a time when a girl could count on an enthusiastic audience by simply peeling down to her birthday suit. Not so today. The modern male is a jaded animal and the show lounge beauties have found it takes a clever idea, device, or gimmick to keep the customers coming back for more.

Some of the girls use gorillas, Frankenstein monsters, and assorted ghouls and beasties to help them with their stripping; others undress under water. Birds, snakes, and other animals can add interest to an act.

Sometimes the gimmick is a part of the girl herself. Evelyn "Treasure Chest" West has made a big thing out of her bosom — a not too difficult accomplishment, all things considered. She had it (or them, if you prefer) insured with Lloyds of London for \$50,000, pressed them into cement for posterity, and has been successful in putting up a big enough front to rate top billing wherever she plays.

Lily St. Cyr became famous climbing in and out of a bathtub, and in an earlier act, she worked with a wired G-string. At the end of her number, the G-string went flying out over the heads of the audience and the lights went out. The act was especially popular, because the man in charge of the lights was usually a little slow at the switch.

Not all novelty strippers become famous, of course, but



IT TAKES MORE THAN NUDITY TO PACK IN THE CUSTOMERS



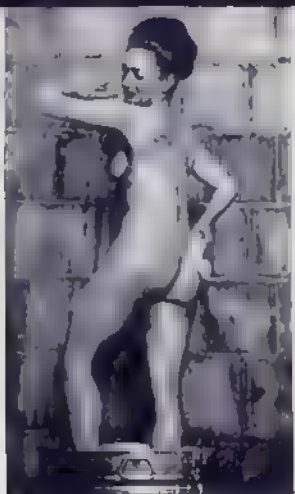
A girl and a tank of water provide a wet strip tease.



Girl enters the tank fully clothed, exits nearly nude.



Gorilla and girl in an exciting Beauty and the Beast act.



This exotic dancer covers her body with ground glass that catches the light in odd patterns as she performs. Backstage after her number, she removes the covering very carefully with a sponge so as not to cut herself.





Lily St. Cyr (above, left) became famous performing in a make-believe bath tub. Above, right: Taking a bath in a real tub can be a problem when a girl's act includes a python and the friendly snake shares her apartment.

the girl with the gimmick is apt to be featured wherever she plays. She often has problems that don't face her stripping sisters, however. If a girl's act includes some snakes, a covey of doves, or a small herd of elephants, where does she keep the critters between shows? Answer: Usually in her own apartment or hotel room, which can be messy.

Difficulties can arise during performances, too. Low flying pigeons can pose problems for unprotected customers and their drinks — and inebriated members of the audience sometimes react rather violently to snakes slithering off the stage.

A stripper named Yvette Dare had a rather embarrassing experience one afternoon on a New York street corner when her friendly parrot started going into the act. Dare was nearly bare when they pulled the polly off her. This "accident" was well documented by a press agent's camera, however, and resulted in lots of nice publicity for both Yvette and the bird.

Undressing under water is a refreshing way to make a buck in August, but a tank occasionally springs a leak leaving the girl high and dry and her audience thoroughly drenched. Underwater stripping eliminates the necessity of taking a Saturday night bath, though, and the local constabulary might have a difficult time calling the show dirty.

All of these clever goings on are designed to make show lounge sex more interesting and, at that, they're pretty successful. Nevertheless, all things considered, we prefer our sex in the bedroom with nary a pigeon, parrot, or python in sight.



Birds and other animals are often used in gimmick burlesque acts. Above, left: A trained parrot helps a girl remove her costume during a performance, and (right) another bird unexpectedly does the same thing to his mistress on the street.

SUMMERTIME SPORTS (continued from page 17)

it, but it does baffle them on occasions. Here is a story. When this sportsman was younger and dumber, he was asked to accompany some other sportsmen on a fishing trip to a lake in upper Michigan, which we assume was called Round Lake, because every lake in Michigan is called either Round Lake or Long Lake. We got to Round Lake, and began our three-day tour of duty, which consisted of manning a pair of oars and rowing around Round Lake while these clowns stuck their lines in the water in search of a muskellunge which left the vicinity along with the glaciers. Late in the second day, to give the blisters a chance to drain, we were allowed to cast a line of our own into the water, and we came up with a bass that snapped at us. That was the beginning and end of one sportsman's fishing career. Even golf is better than that.

Polo: If you have enough money to play polo, you should have more sense than to play it. People get hurt doing that.

Horse racing: We refer to the at-

tendance at tracks, and the investment of money in pari-mutuel machines — one of the most invigorating and expensive sporting pastimes in the country. Out in New Mexico a man once put up a sign over his slot machines: "These machines pay 40 per cent." He did it for a gag, and set the machines to pay only 40 percent, and he got the biggest play he'd ever had.

At the race tracks the public has discovered machines in which you can put a dollar and 80 or 85 or 89 cents come out, depending on how much the state takes and how much the state lets the track take. Sportsmen find these machines irresistible, and drive many miles, and spend many hours devising ways of making more than 80 or 85 or 89 cents come out for every dollar put in. It sometimes takes a lot of dollars to convince a man that the machines win every race. Sometimes they tease you a little with some bills, and sometimes they give you an awful kick in the rear, but always they end up extracting 15 or 20 cents out of every dollar. But it's a healthy pastime — it keeps the sports out in the

open air, and it gets their blood circulating as they watch their investment in the seventh race plodding around the back turn — blissfully contemplating the horsey pleasures of the stud farm or perhaps tenderly recalling the fun of the old ice route.

Outboard motoring: We were driven out of the resort area in the thirties by outboard motors, and now are about to be driven out of the city by their noisy urban counterpart, motor lawn mowers. We've heard that some genius has found a way of quieting outboard motoring, however, and also of starting the things without using a starting cord and lashing your passengers across the face. If these rumors are true, here is one of the most noble of summer sports. Just sit and steer and let the wind and spray blow through your hair, as you whip around all the fishermen and scare away all the fish.

Tennis: If anyone could invent a way to learn this game without spending 95 percent of your time chasing the damn ball it would attract more customers. There should also be a way to learn in privacy, just as in golf you should be allowed to drive off the first tee with no witnesses.

Tennis is a good mixed game, like ping pong, but don't ever get on the court with a woman you aren't absolutely sure you can beat. It just isn't good for the self-respect.

Racing sport cars: This is a growing sport, but don't be fooled just because it's something you do sitting down. A man who races these things was reciting to us the other day the wonderful safety factors of the sport: "Everybody's going in the same direction, on good pavement, in broad daylight, with good brakes, perfect equipment, and good drivers. What could be safer?" Offhand, we could name three or four hundred pastimes that could be safer — and three or four hundred more than that, if you pressed us. Two weeks after our conversation, this fellow was sitting in a racing car going 90 miles per hour. The driver took a turn too fast, lost control, and the car rolled over three times, throwing our safety expert fifteen feet in the air. He landed in some grass, got up, brushed off, and looked across to see where we were sitting, as if to say, "See?!"

Canoeing: This is a pretty good sport — cooling, co-educational, gets you out in the open, and you can pursue it sitting down.

Horseshoe pitching: Even better — a little walking and arm swinging involved, but primarily a mild pastime, to be pursued in a shady dell, at a leisurely pace, with plenty of time for refueling.

Hammock duty: Now we're talking summer sports!



"Okay, professor—just the bumps on my head!"





"But, sir—it is his last request..."

THE BUILDER (continued from page 12)

red head and legally joined to the Montenegrin.

The press had a fine old time with Wright's domestic difficulties. He is one of the few men who ever hired a public relations man to keep his name out of the papers. Lloyd Lewis was the unlucky guy who got the job and it lasted less than three months. A man like Wright, Lewis discovered, can't keep out of the papers.

Wright is a man of perplexing inconsistencies. On one hand, his thinking is broad and liberal; on the other hand, he can be hidebound and narrow-minded. For instance, he's vehemently against all but American architects, although his work has been influenced by the best of the German and Japanese schools. And yet he is the first to say that "Architecture is our blind spot as a people. We have a civilization, but no culture."

He has been justly criticized because instead of adapting his houses to the people who are to live in them, he demands that the people adapt themselves to his houses. If you were to commission Wright to design a home for you and, when the plans were drawn up, felt the house was not

suited to your way of living, Wright quite conceivably might suggest that you change your way of living. Perhaps you might recall the groans of past clients like the mayor of Madison, Wisconsin, who said, "I don't know of any Wright project in which the cost was not above the estimate." Remembering this, you might ask Wright for some kind of guarantee on expenses. Smiling gently, he would probably reply (as he has on occasion), "My dear fellow, no architect who is an architect would guarantee anything."

A bold innovator himself, Wright finds the innovations of certain other architects dismaying. The currently popular "box" style, as typified by the United Nations Building, he views with contempt. "The slab's the thing these days," he observes. "The cemeteries are full of slabs, but who wants to live in a cemetery? Why, I wouldn't dare walk on the same side of the street with any of those skinny glass boxes. Fool things might explode. Does that sound arrogant? Let it! Early in life I had to choose between honest arrogance and hypocritical humility. I chose honest arrogance."

His latest squabbles involve the representatives of two cities — New York and Venice. In New York, the City Building Department is looking askance at his plans for the Guggenheim Museum of Non-Objective Art. The building will be shaped like a seashell, and is so unlike anything the city has ever seen that existing fire and safety laws can't cope with it.

The Venetian imbroglio started when an Italian contractor invited Wright to design a modern *palazzo* to be built on the historic Grand Canal. He accepted with enthusiasm, but has met with opposition from those who feel Wright's vivid modernity won't blend with the venerable structures for which the Canal is famous. This doesn't bother Wright. He shrugs off the objections of "unenlightened sentimentalists" and says: "I intend to be the greatest architect of all time."

All time is a big bite, but Frank Lloyd Wright may be just the man to chew it.



STAR MAKER (cont. from page 35)

reel.

Jeter introduced twin beds into all of his bedroom scenes and because he generally set the trends that the other producers followed, no film couple, married or otherwise, ever appeared together in one bed again.

Everyone was aware of Hollywood's new found prudery, but no one seemed entirely certain how it had started. Various civic, moral, and uplift groups, noting the trend, decided they'd better get on the band wagon, and began speaking out against or actually censoring those few films produced by the small group of free-thinking producers who didn't immediately follow the Jeter trend. The industry itself countered this move by setting up their own Morals Code and censoring board.

That's how morality came to Hollywood. And as for Jeter, each new film surpassed the last, winning him more honors and Oscars than any other man in the industry. If you were in the service during the war, you probably saw his greatest effort. He made an anti-venereal picture so frightening, in glorious Technicolor, so horrifying in its stark reality, that thousands of enlisted men swore off women for life. In this film he proved conclusively that any man who spoke to a woman outside a USO dance or a Red Cross field office would immediately develop hard-and-soft chancres, bubo, strictures, and tropical granuloma.



PLANNING YOUR DAY and DELEGATING RESPONSIBILITY



Hand-pick your secretary

BY SHEPHERD MEAD

Another in the series
of articles on how
to succeed in business
without really trying

IF you have been carefully following this series of articles on getting ahead in the modern business world, you now have a position of some importance with the *right* company and are scampering up the ladder of success.

It must always be remembered that hard work is the lifeblood of modern business. You, too, must be ready to pull your share of the load. This may call for personal sacrifices on your part — but no matter — your work should come first.

KNOW YOUR OWN BREAKING POINT

Willing as you may be to dedicate your life to your business, remember that you will be of small value to your company if you reach the breaking point.

Know your limitations, and stay within them!

AFTER-HOURS MANAGEMENT

The conscientious businessman will

make every moment count, and the moments that count most are those spent *after regular business hours*.

If you manage after-hour planning skillfully, you can achieve pleasing and surprising results and also free your mind for truly High Level thinking, which is your major function.

Remember, the hours you are assumed to be at work, the regular office hours, are of little value. The hurly-burly of office routine will interfere with long-range thinking.

Any good after-hour planner can find ample reason to be away from his desk from nine to five on week days. At nine-thirty, remark:

"Oh, J. B., anything you want from me before I take off?"

"Going out, Finch?"

"Yes, sir. Don't trust that survey at all. Think I'll get out and ring some doorbells. Got to get down to the grass roots, you know."

"Good boy, Finch."

You may then proceed to any calm,



"Oh, working this morning, Finch?"

restful spot. A day out in the open will stimulate your brain. When you return to the office in a day or two, your mind will be clear, and bursting with ideas. Some alternative approaches are:

"Want to get out and check the stores. Got to see if we're really moving off the shelves."

Or:

"Think I'll run out to the plant. Quality check, you know."

But the after-hour planner will be careful to be in the office after hours at the right times!

If you hear, for example, that the boss is going to drop in to the office Saturday morning, it only to pick up his golf clubs, be there a half hour ahead of him.

Roll up your sleeves, tousle your hair, and loosen your collar. Several empty paper coffee cartons and a few hundred cigarette butts will also help. (The cartons and butts can be kept in a drawer and used again.)

You will be noticed!

"Oh, working this morning, Finch?"

"Is it morning already, sir?"

"Great Scott, been here all night?"

"No, not all night! Just trying to clean up a few things. Shouldn't be here much longer."

(Avoid any hint of self-pity!)

"Oh, that's good."

"Is there any way I can get in to-

morrow, sir? Just in case. The night watchman is very fussy."

After the boss goes, wait ten or fifteen minutes and leave. It will not be necessary to come in Monday. Never fear; your employer will defend you hotly.

"Finch isn't in again today, sir!"

"I should think not! Poor devil worked all week end. I ought to know. I was in here with him, working side by side!"

(You may count on the wise employer's knowing his afterhour techniques, too. He will be Setting a Good Example.)

"Too bad," he may continue, "that there aren't more men like Finch around here!"

BE A COMMUTER

Another way to conserve your strength is to establish early that you are a commuter, and that you have a frightful problem with trains.

If, for example, you have to lie abed late, wrestling with a knotty problem, you need only say:

"Damned Long Island Rail Road!"

"Oh, train late again, Finch?"

"Almost two hours."

"Funny. Mine was on time."

"But we're on the extension, you know. Always a bottleneck."

The same approach may be used

in the evening

"Have to run, J. B."

"Now? It's only three-thirty!"

"Train trestle. Blazing like hell this morning. Lucky if I get home at all."

It is not necessary to be a commuter, as long as everybody thinks you are one. A chap we knew who had bachelor's quarters three blocks from the office left regularly every day at 4:38 on the dot.

"Have to, you know. Got to get the 5:01. Next train doesn't come till eight!"

"Poor devil. Well, see you tomorrow!"

"May be late, though. Damned thing doesn't get in till 10:17!"

He avoided strain and overwork, and by devoting his extra time to clear thinking, rose rapidly to the top.

The more obscure and mysterious your form of transportation, the better. Fictitious railroad lines are good, if the names are well chosen. Some recommendations: South Jersey Central; Newark, Hackensack, and Quogue; New York, Hartford, and Providence. One expert maintained for years that he lived on "the Putney Division," commenting only:

"Nothing like that ride through the mountains every morning. Never seems like three hours!"

Some helpful phrases:

"Third rail, you know. Ice."

Or:

"Did the last twelve miles by bus!"

You will no doubt find other and perhaps better ways to conserve your strength.

HOW TO DELEGATE RESPONSIBILITY

Your task as a Junior Executive will be to assume responsibility, to take cares and worries on your powerful young shoulders, and remove them from older, grayer heads.

The more responsibility you can assume, the better. Some useful phrases are:

"Why not just roll it all into one ball of wax, J. B.?"

Or:

"The whole thing needs to be buttoned up."

However, keep in mind that your real function is Formulating Policy and Making Decisions, the work for which you were chosen, and work which is best done in a relaxed, semi-reclining position.

Therefore, your first duty on assuming extra responsibility is to find capable assistants who will do the actual routine work.

The first step, of course, is to select the right secretary.

HAND-PICK YOUR SECRETARY

By the time you have reached a po-
(continued on page 50)

BY JUNIPER!

(continued from page 38)

eight-ounce glass with cracked ice or ice cubes. Then squeeze the juice of half a large lime directly into the glass. Drop the fruit into the glass. Add a jigger of gin. Fill the glass with cold carbonated water. Stir well. Serve at once in the vicinity of heavily salted almonds or freshly roasted peanuts.

GIN AND TONIC

Years ago this was a drink known only to Singapore Colonials or to members of private men's clubs near Bond Street. Quinine was a specific against malaria. Gin was a specific against boredom. Lime juice and ice were added, thereby catapulting the drink into one of the smartest swizzles known to civilized man—a gin and tonic.

In 1953 the sales of quinine tonic water in the United States were 3 million cases, about one third ahead of 1952 showing the strength of this delightful revival.

To make a gin and tonic, fill an eight-ounce glass with cracked ice or ice cubes. Squeeze the juice of half a large lime into the glass. Drop the lime into the glass. Add a jigger of gin. Fill with cold quinine water. Stir

well. Deliver to guests waiting in comfortable yacht chairs.

SLOE GIN FIZZ

This drink is mainly designed for the uninitiated, for bar cubs and for wagon riders who condescend to take a drink now and then.

In a cocktail shaker put the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 1 heaping teaspoon sugar and 1 jigger sloe gin. Shake furiously. Strain into an eight-ounce glass. Fill with cold carbonated water. Stir well. Place the glass on a paper lace doily. Pass dainty tea sandwiches.

GIN BUCK

Bar flies pushing fifty will remember this drink popularized by booze peddlers during prohibition. When made with respectable dry gin, it will restore your Dutch courage and slake your thirst. To make a gin buck, squeeze the juice of a half lemon into a Tom Collins glass. Add a jigger or a jigger-and-a-half of gin. Add 3 ice cubes. Fill the glass with cold dry ginger ale. Stir well. Twist a small piece of lemon peel over the drink and then drop the peel into the glass. Particularly pleasant for one who has been nibbling on thin slices of cold Smithfield ham.



RED LIGHTS (cont. from page 10)

and worked in a stucco, balconied building on St. John Street, paid her fee under protest. She brought suit to test the legality of the statute and a higher court eventually found the law unconstitutional. The city had to refund all fees and the law was revoked.

New Orleans has always been noted for its tolerance of man's diverse frailties and Storyville, a half-century ago, especially emphasizes this. In its maze of misty lights and grilled balconies, a stranger could find comfort and companionship—the proverbial wine, women, and song. Today, they're still playing jazz in the French Quarter—George Lewis, Lizzie Miles, Octave Crosby and Sharkey Bonano all are ensconced in the bistros of Bourbon Street—and it isn't very difficult to find a girl with whom to spend the evening. Most of the cab drivers have a few choice numbers on tap and, by dialing the "Tourist Guide" at Tulane 6062, you can get all the action you want. But the French Quarter now, no matter how "wild and wicked" the tourists tout it to be, is far removed from the Storyville of old. You can have as good a time, and save a wad of cash, by putting records on your phonograph and inviting the girl from the corner bar up for a drink.



"Hey, Tiger—there's a kid here wants to feel yer muscles!"

FLYING MACHINE

(continued from page 24)

The servants retreated to obey.

The Emperor turned to his hand-servant, who had seen the man flying. "Hold your tongue. It was all a dream, a most sorrowful and beautiful dream. And that farmer in the distant field who also saw, tell him it would pay him to consider it only a vision. If ever the word passes around, you and the farmer die within the hour."

"You are merciful, Emperor."

"No, not merciful," said the old man. Beyond the garden wall he saw the guards burning the beautiful machine of paper and reeds that smelled of the morning wind. He saw the dark smoke climb into the sky. "No, only very much bewildered and afraid." He saw the guards digging a tiny pit wherein to bury the ashes. "What is the life of one man against those of a million others? I must take solace from that thought."

He took the key from its chain about his neck and once more wound up the beautiful miniature garden. He stood looking out across the land at the Great Wall, the peaceful town, the green fields, the rivers and streams. He sighed. The tiny garden whirled its hidden and delicate machinery and set itself in motion; tiny people walked in forests, tiny foxes leaped through sun-speckled glades in beautiful shining pelts, and among the tiny trees flew little bits of high song and bright blue and yellow color, flying, flying, flying in that small sky.

"Oh," said the Emperor, closing his eyes, "look at the birds, look at the birds!"



PLANNING YOUR DAY

(continued from page 48)

sition of real responsibility you will probably be in the one-window stage, and will be able to say good-by forever to the steno pool.

You are ready to have your own private secretary. Choose her carefully! Many a rising young man has been broken by careless or frivolous choice of secretaries. A Secretary is NOT a Toy. She will be a girl selected for her ability, at one thing or another, and she will only too often be skillful with the typewriter, and perhaps even shorthand. She will be entrusted to your care as a helpmate in your work, and should not be used for pleasure, except in emergencies.

Does She Belong to Another? If the young lady assigned to you is so attractive that you feel things are too good to be true, tread carefully.

Ask yourself this question: Does she

belong to another?

It may be that one of the really big men in the company has become Interested-in-Her-Career, and has given her to you as a secretary. He will want to be sure she is kept busy during the day. Keep her busy! But keep your distance.

If your flesh is weak, avoid temptation. Help her to rise to the top. You, too, can rise with her. Approach your immediate superior, the man whose niche you feel destined to fill, and say:

"Oh, Mr. Gatch, I hardly know how to say this, but Hedy just happened to remark how much she admired you."

"Oh, did she, Finch? She's quite a girl, all right, quite a girl!"

"She was wondering whether you, uh, might be interested in having her work for you."

"Frankly, Finch, I'd love it, but I kind of suspected that old J. B. might, well, you know —"

"Nothing to it, Mr. Gatch! Broke up months ago — if it existed at all! (Note: Little white lies like this are to be encouraged if your intentions are good.)"

She will be grateful to you, and when, after a short time, your superior is fired, you will be moved in quickly to fill his shoes.

Do not be too hasty about advancing the young lady to the next man ahead of you. It is well to wait until the dust settles and tempers cool.

Go to *Extremes*. The wise young businessman practices moderation in most things. However, this is not true in the choice of secretaries. Go all out. Take no halfway measures.

You must decide for yourself which choice you will make, the beauty or the beast.

The Beauty. If you decide on this course, select a girl of ravishing beauty, first making sure that she does not belong to another.

Soon your little corner will become a mecca for influential men.

"Thought I'd drop around and see what Finch thinks about it."

"Finch? He in on this?"

"Well, not exactly. Good head on the boy, though. Real pleasure to be around him."

You will make many valuable and lasting friendships.

If the young lady looks to you for comfort and guidance, be generous. Supply it. Emotion and sentiment have their places, even in the workaday world.

The Beast. Some prefer to take the opposite tack. Select the oldest, fattest, and least attractive woman in the building. Leave no stone unturned. With thirty or forty years experience in the company, she will be able to do all your dull, routine work better than you can. This will leave you

free to think, decide, and endear yourself to those around you.

And she will give you an immediate and enviable reputation.

"Solid citizen, that boy Finch!"

"Oh?"

"Well, I mean, just look at his secretary! No fooling about that boy!"

And you'll have no worries about her getting married, having babies, or other nonsense. She'll be yours for keeps.

HAVE PLENTY OF ASSISTANCE

You cannot have too many able helpers! If the management is balky at first, it will be your duty to educate and indoctrinate.

"As I see it, J. B.," you begin, "the job breaks down like this. I drew up a little chart."

(Organizational charts filled with little lines and rectangles are valuable here.)

"Oh?"

"Now we'll need three more men — A, B, and C, here."

"Three more men? I thought you were going to do the—"

"I'll hold the reins of course. Have a pretty clear idea who the men should be, too!"

The Work Demonstration. If the above doesn't succeed, you may be forced to put on a Work Demonstration.

For two or three days and nights — two should be ample — remain in the office, consuming nothing but black coffee and cigarettes. Send your secretary around occasionally to borrow benzedrine tablets. Do not change clothes, but have a barber come in daily to shave you — while you dictate.

On the morning of the third (or fourth) day, walk cheerfully into your superior's office.

"Lord!" he will say. "You're looking frightful, Finch!" (You will be.)

"It's nothing, J. B. Feel like a million."

(Assume an over-hearty expression.)

"You were absolutely right about the assistant, J. B. Think I can carry on alone. Four or five months like this and I'll have the whole thing whipped into shape."

At this point sink slowly to the floor with a brave smile, and twitch for a few seconds. Then lie still, eyes closed. Maintain just the trace of a smile!

You will be sent on a long vacation, and will return to find your assistants, ready for your instructions.

By this time you will surely be On Your Way. But we have not yet — as you will see — really scratched the surface.



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MOLIERE, writer of biting comedies like *The School for Husbands*, took his job seriously. When acting the part of a hypochondriac in *The Imaginary Invalid*, he became so ill that he died soon after the curtain fell. But he was not always so serious. While he lived, he was a man of sparkling wit who poked fun at prudery, satirized hypocrisy and laughed at censors. In short, he was a man very much like the PLAYBOY subscriber of today: a man of good humor, with a broad mind and a great capacity for pleasure; a sophisticated man; an aware man; a man of taste. If you are such a man, may we suggest, at your earliest convenience, that you become a PLAYBOY subscriber.

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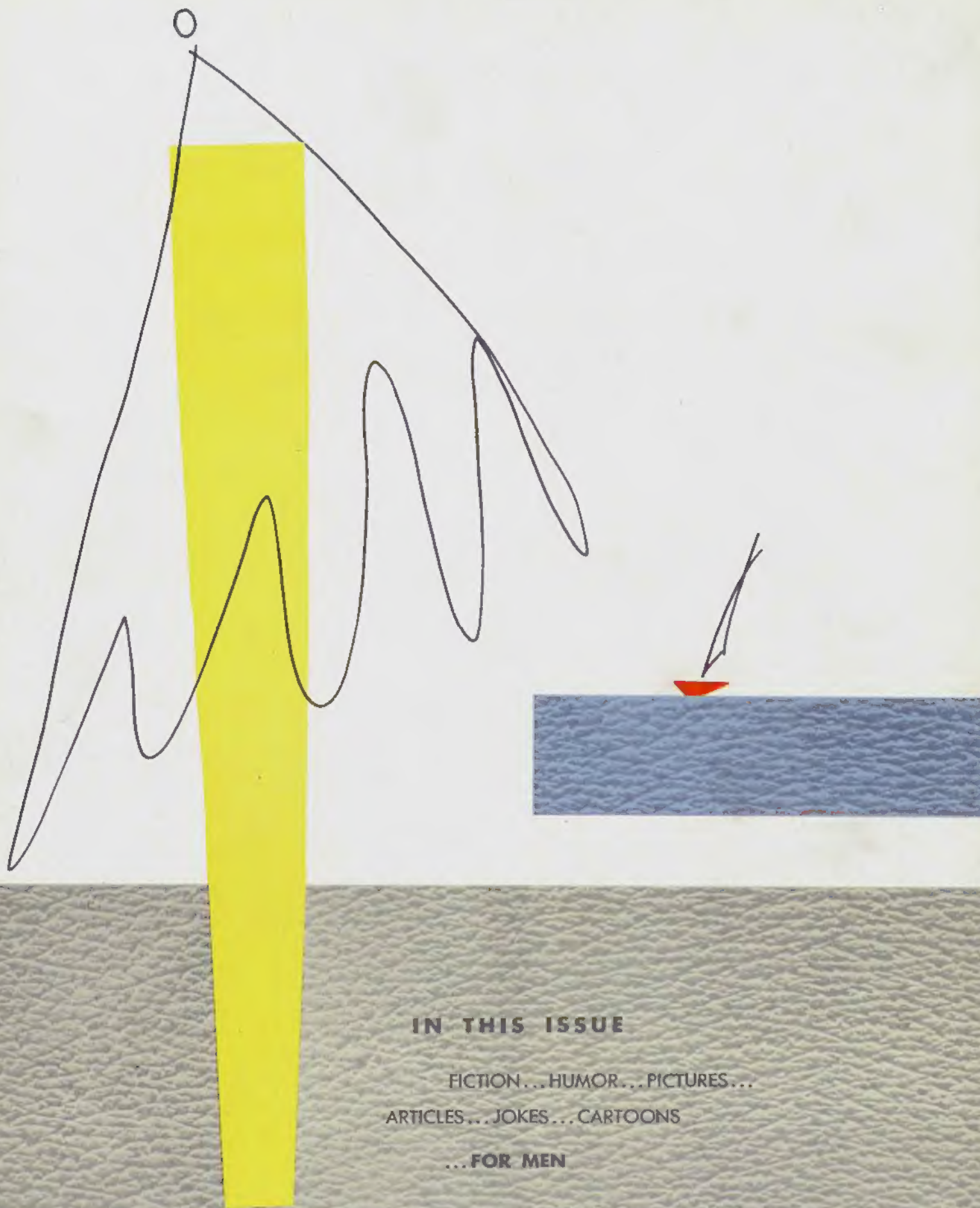
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